

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO US ALL

### THE LASSO ON THE MOUNTAINSIDE

#### A SHEEP THAT WENT ASTRAY

Daring Feat with a Rope and a Loop

#### A BRAVE FARMER'S SON

From time immemorial (and no one knows just how far back that is) sheep have done the stupidest things imaginable, and a sheep in the North Country has been keeping up the family tradition.

It belongs to one of the Goosewell Farm flocks, and Goosewell Farm, as Lake District people know, lies hard by Derwentwater.

The sheep could find nothing better to do one day, than wander down toward Falcon Gap. The path is slippery and the poor sheep lost its footing and went down and down. It gave itself up for dead, but suddenly found with a bump that it was not dead; it was somehow standing alive on a ledge overhanging the lake.

#### S O S from the Lake Side

The ledge was narrow, and there was nothing to eat there. Five hundred feet of sheer rock rose between the sheep and the grass it had been nibbling a few minutes before. The prisoner set up a pitiful, lonely little bleat. It was a tiny voice in that solitude. No one heard. The night came down on the crag-fast sheep.

Dawn came up rather unwillingly and a bitter wind ruffled Derwentwater before it sped away to the south-east. The lonely sheep set up a cry again, but no one seemed to heed. The short day faded and again darkness fell on the cold lake and the cold crags.

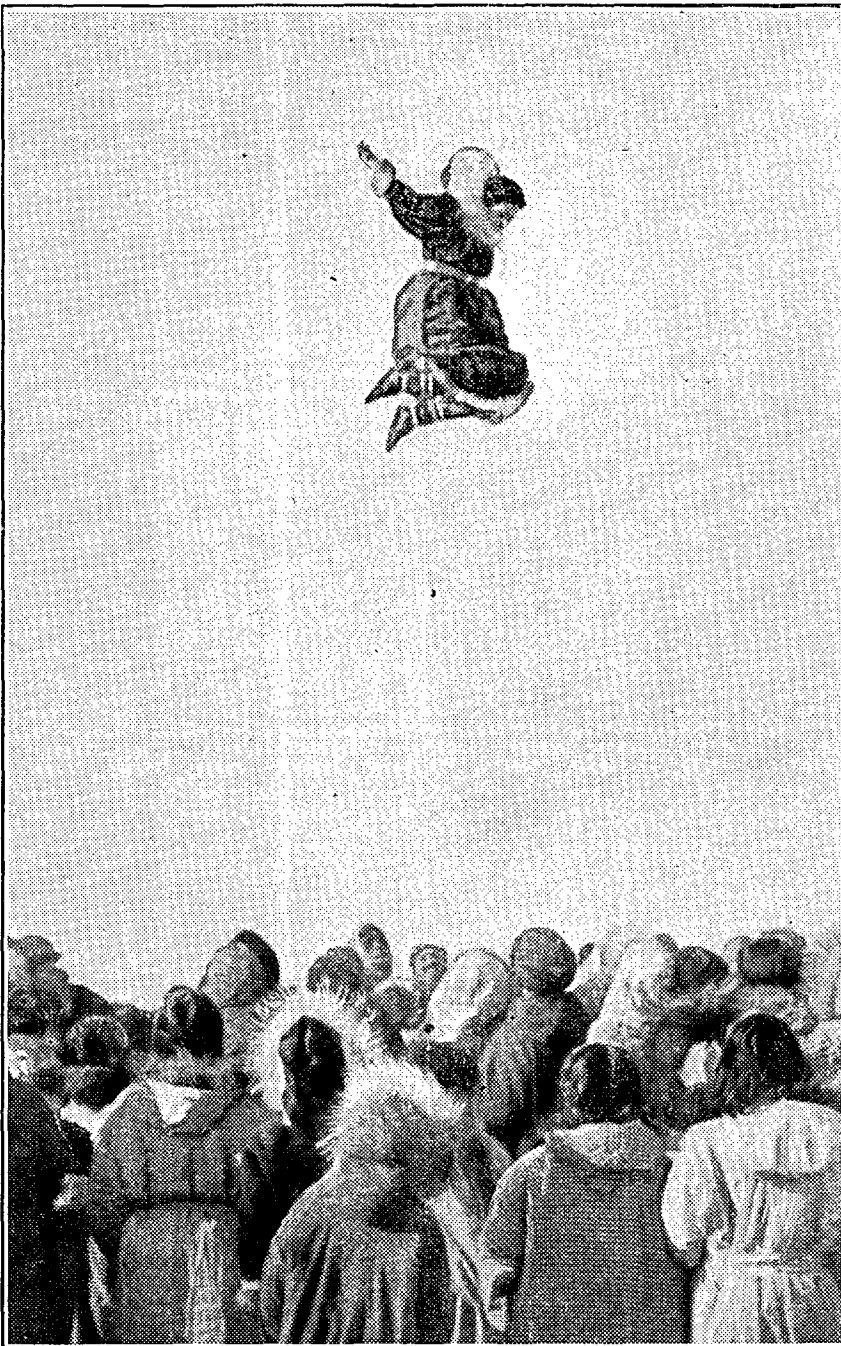
By the third day the news had come to Goosewell Farm that one of their sheep was standing half-way between sky and water on Falcon Crag. Then Harry and Edward Thornton, the farmer's sons, and two other young men went out with ropes to rescue the lost one.

#### A Long Lasso

They spied the sheep from above, looking something like a hoar-frosted cabbage caught on the crag face. To reach it meant climbing down the rock for over 500 feet. Harry bound a rope round his body and set off. By the time he was sixty feet down he realised that unless he cut all his footholds in the rock like an Alpine climber he could not possibly reach the prisoner. There was not an inch of foothold.

He chose as good a footing as he could, and shouted to those above to lower another rope, looped at the end. The line came dangling down, and the men above saw with amazement that Harry was going to try to lasso the sheep on the end of a 600-foot rope. They tightened their grip on the rope holding their comrade, and secured the lasso rope. Out went the swinging line above

### An Eskimo Rises in the World



The Eskimos love to play games, and in the long winter days when darkness reigns they have plenty of fun. Here we see what is known as a blanket dance in progress. A number of Eskimos stand round while one of their number jumps again and again, using a dried walrus hide stretched between posts as a leaping ground. After one or two jumps he bounces like a ball, reaching an astonishing height

the water, looking as thin as a spider's strand to those above. It came in again to the thrower's hand and out. Harry took another good grip of the rock, flung down the life-line once more. A cheer rang from the slopes above. The long lasso had caught the sheep securely.

Strong hands above tightened the loop. Harry was bidden to look out for himself, and man and sheep presently found themselves dangling in mid-air. The sheep once more gave itself up for lost as it went bumping up the cliff side, and once more found that, after all, it was alive. Harry protected himself as best he might from the rough crag and was as glad as anybody to find himself on the safe earth.

#### SHIPS BEFORE THE ARK

We are not to suppose that Noah was the first shipbuilder; there were ships five thousand years before Noah built the Ark.

The oldest ship known seems to be that of which a model has been found in Fayoum, in Upper Egypt, where a great inland sea has come and gone since prehistoric times.

There are pictures of ships on Egyptian vases and in wall-paintings eight thousand years old—still over three thousand years before Noah. These are built of rough planks, and have palm-tree trunks for masts, with places for rowers in calm weather; but whether the Fayoum ship had a mast or sails is not clear.

### THE LOST CITY A Quest in Wildest Brazil

#### WHERE NO EUROPEAN HAS EVER BEEN

"An ancient city hitherto unknown to modern man," in the very heart of South America, is the quest of Colonel P. H. Fawcett and his two companions—his son Jack and Mr. Raleigh Rimell.

Colonel Fawcett believes that the earliest civilisation in the world rose and fell in the central plateaus of Brazil, and that there are "archaeological treasures awaiting the spade of the explorer as important as anything discovered in Egypt or ancient Greece. As the colonel is a Fellow and Gold Medallist of the Royal Geographical Society, and his expedition has the society's support, we have to take him seriously.

It is an arduous and dangerous task that he and his companions have set themselves. It is possible, indeed, that even now, disaster may have befallen them, for the expedition was begun last spring, the last message from them was many months on the way in the hands of Indian runners, and further news is not expected for a long time.

#### Fierce Indian Tribes

Matto Grosso, the Great Forest, where the search is proceeding, is a Brazilian State occupying 550,000 square miles, "the most isolated and unknown district of its size," says the explorer, "anywhere in the world today." Its only inhabitants are primitive Indian tribes, "whose ferocity in warfare has kept the White man at bay for more than two centuries." They have an unpleasant little habit of throwing huge wooden clubs with such accuracy that they can break a man's leg at a hundred feet.

Colonel Fawcett, who is no stranger to them, thinks he can manage them, however. He will do so, "not by threats and not by friendship, but mainly by a carefully studied appeal to what most people would call their superstitious beliefs. They have an age-old reverence for mysterious light, and our equipment of electric batteries may enable us to pose as being endowed with power over light."

#### Wickedest Fly on Earth

Almost equally dangerous enemies are the insects and the snakes. The main offender is a very small fly called porvin, and "the wickedest fly on Earth." He assembles in millions and gives a human being no peace. Men frequently go mad from his bites. Bees are also a scourge to the poor mules who carry the baggage of the expedition.

The expedition was crossing very difficult country when the last message was sent. The message said: "We have cut our way through miles of low dry scrub; we have crossed innumerable small streams by swimming and fording; we have climbed hills of forbidding aspect; we have been eaten by bugs."

Let us hope that a rich reward awaits the completion of these labours.



## MYSTERY ON MYSTERY

### HALF A LEGEND DESTROYED

What Happened on a Tsar's Death Long Ago?

### LEAD WHERE HIS BODY SHOULD BE

A century has passed since the death of Alexander the First, that mysterious Tsar of Russia who was the first European monarch to render homage to the idea of worldwide peace.

The centenary of his death has brought to light a startling piece of evidence which shatters a legend, but still leaves a mystery unsolved.

After the report of Alexander's death the rumour got about that the Tsar was not really dead, but that he had caused the story of his death to be circulated so that he might give effect to his long-cherished desire to quit the throne and end his days as a hermit. The last scene of his regal life was at a poor little place called Taganrog, in the Crimea, from where a coffin was carried to the capital and interred in the royal mausoleum in that place.

#### The Dignified Hermit

The legend grew up that this coffin contained no body, but only a mass of lead of the same weight as a man's body. In course of time, not long after, a stately recluse called Theodor Kuzmich appeared at Tomsk, in Siberia, and passed his days in a hermit's hut till his death in January, 1864. He was regarded by many people as the veritable Alexander in disguise.

His language was dignified, his bearing noble, his life blameless, and his hut was the goal to which troops of illustrious people as well as innumerable peasants made their way. Even the Tsar Nicholas the First visited him. To this day those who have accepted the story of the fictitious death of the Tsar believe that Theodor Kuzmich was Alexander the First.

#### A Precious Book

The recent revival of this story has produced a startling piece of evidence from the son of the very doctor who attended Alexander. He was an Englishman, Dr. Robert Lee, a Fellow of the Royal Society and a man of distinction.

Dr. Lee, we are told, was present at the death of the Tsar a century ago, and, owing to some suspicion of poisoning, made a post-mortem examination of the body, finding death to have resulted from Crimean fever. Upon his return to England Dr. Lee wrote a book, giving his diary of the whole affair. The son of the doctor is still alive in Regent's Park, London, and has a copy of the precious book.

#### A Queer Discovery

That at least disposes of the century-old legend that the Tsar Alexander did not die, but, in spite of that, half the mystery of the legend lingers still about this remarkable man.

Two years ago the Bolshevik Government caused all the coffins of dead Tsars and other royalties to be opened, with the object of securing any jewels the coffins might contain; and from the report it appears that the old legend was true in one particular: *the coffin of Alexander the First contained no body, but only lead!*

So, though the legend is partly shattered, the mystery of the leaded coffin remains as ever.

#### Pronunciations in This Paper.

Caracalla	Kar-ah-kal-lah
Darius	Dah-ry-us
Mukden	Mook-den
Severus	Se-ve-rus
Sienkiewicz	Shen-ke-yay-rich

## CAN A POLAR BEAR LIVE IN INDIA?

### An Experiment that Has Failed

### ARCTIC CREATURES AND COLD WATER

You would think it impossible for a bear from the Arctic (there are no Antarctic bears) to live in India, and indeed neither the Calcutta nor the Bombay Zoo has been able to keep them alive hitherto. But Calcutta is going to try again, and a fine pair has just been despatched there by a London dealer.

Curiously enough, it is not the heat that is the trouble. None of the inhabitants of the London Zoo enjoys a heat wave better than the polar bears there. The thing they hate most is cold water! They go on strike against cold baths in the winter, so that, as anyone can see, they get very dirty till the warm weather comes again.

What bowls them over in hot countries is not the heat but—microbes! The Polar air has no germs and Polar animals have no equipment for resisting them. When Polar bears die in Regent's Park it is almost always from pneumonia, a disease we usually associate with "catching cold!"

An Indian bear at the London Zoo was photographed the other day consuming a lump of ice! But that bear came from the snow-capped Himalayas.

## THE DAY A MAN REMEMBERS

### Stretcher-Bearer's Golden Deed

By Our Country Girl

A little while ago some men of the war met together for a smoking concert, and one of them was called upon to make a speech.

He said he did not like recalling the foul sights and sounds and smells of the trenches; yet he knew he would be expected to talk about the war. Well, there was one moment in it which was worth remembering.

In the first battle of the Somme he was badly wounded. Two stretcher-bearers came out to him, and were bringing him back to the British lines, when suddenly the Germans began to shell No Man's Land again.

Of course, the safest thing to do when you cannot take cover is to lie as flat on the ground as possible. But this time, when the stretcher was put down, one of the bearers threw himself over the wounded man, covering him with his own body, lest he should be hit again by flying shrapnel.

It was not a high-sounding deed like the storming of a trench, yet there is something fine about the unselfishness of this man who did more than his duty.

## A KING'S ADVISER

### End of a Dangerous Rule in Egypt

A dangerous power has been ended in Egypt with King Fuad's dismissal of his confidential adviser, Hassan Nashat Pasha.

In a constitutional country a king has no business to have a confidential adviser; his proper advisers are his Ministers, responsible to Parliament for the advice they give him. It is Nashat Pasha who has been encouraging the King to defy two successive Parliaments and to rule without one.

At first many politicians approved of the King's hostility to Zaghul, but when they saw that it meant doing without Parliament altogether they turned round, and some strong protests have been made. Whether these protests have had the support of the British High Commissioner is not known, though it is impossible for this country to look with satisfaction on the scrapping of the constitution it gave to Egypt.

## THE CROWN OF DARIUS

### REZA THE COSSACK PUTS IT ON

### Dazzling Chapter in a Soldier's Remarkable Career

### PERSIA'S ROSE OF DELIGHT

It was only the other day that we recorded the passing of a dynasty in Persia, and lo, a new one has arisen.

The young Persian who was a servant in the employ of a British Consul now wears a crown still called the Crown of Darius, of whom we read in the Bible.

Reza practically dismissed the last wearer of the crown from the country, and after two attempts turned the ancient Empire into a Republic. Barely had that been accomplished when the Persian parliament met again and elected Reza Shah, with the succession to his heirs for ever!

#### Great Examples to Follow

The change is dramatic, but not without a parallel. We find many similar cases in the Old Testament and in the annals of the East. All the great conquering dynasties of old times arose in this way, from the emergence from the rut of corruption and inefficiency of a strong, wise, bold man; and hopes are entertained that Shah Reza may prove as fortunate and successful as some of the towering figures whose example he seeks to follow.

With the throne and storied crown Reza takes the titles, of course, and we think he will be wise enough to share the smile which he must know they excite outside his own fair land. For officially this private soldier of other days has become the Branch of Honour, the Mirror of Virtue, and the Rose of Delight.

#### Sovereign of the Universe

We are reminded of other pompous titles held by kings. There was the sovereign of Ava, who was the Cause of the Preservation of All Animals, Regulator of the Seasons, Absolute Master of the Ebb and Flow of the Sea, Brother to the Sun, and King of the Four-and-twenty Umbrellas. Not to be outdone, each king of Achem proclaimed himself Sovereign of the Universe, whose body is luminous as the Sun, whose eye glitters like the northern star, a king as spiritual as a ball is round, who, when he rises, shades all his people.

There were also the kings of Ceylon, each of whom was known as Protector of Religion, "whose fame is infinite and of surpassing excellence, exceeding the Moon, the unexpanded jessamine buds and stars, as fragrant to other kings as flowers to bees."

These old kings, like their crowns and kingdoms, are no more, but their titles survive to amuse posterity, and the new Shah will not be unmindful of the amazement with which the world regards such high-sounding pretensions.

## £800-A-YEAR POST

### No Englishmen Ready for It

Is our supply of Empire builders running short? Professor H. E. Armstrong thinks it is.

"Britain's Tropical Empire," he says, "was won by young men of courage and individuality, but the present system of education, with its too great dependence on examinations, is educating all the courage and individuality out of the younger generation."

That is how he accounts for a queer state of things which Sir Edward Davson told of the other day. Sir Edward belongs to a firm of planters in British Guiana, and he has been trying to get a young man of thirty for a post on their sugar estates. The salary is £800 a year, with excellent prospects. He got many applications from good men from America, but not a single British subject applied who was qualified.

## THE NEW TUNNEL UNDER THE THAMES

### Where Shall it Be?

### SCHEME FOR MISSING LONDON ON THE WAY NORTH

The land on both sides of the lower Thames is growing busier every day as a great industrial area, and every day the difficulty of getting from one side to the other is growing more inconvenient.

Road traffic must go right up the river to the Tower Bridge or Blackwall Tunnel to get across, making the overcrowding of crowded London much worse than it need be.

The Traffic Committee sees that clearly enough, and has told the Government it considers a new tunnel the second most urgent work of all the big schemes for easing London traffic, the first being a new road from the City to Victoria Docks. But the question is, Where is the tunnel to be made?

#### Original Plan Changed

The first idea was to have it between Tilbury and Gravesend, but the water there is 52 feet deep even at low tide, and there are other difficulties. It is now proposed, therefore, to make the tunnel from Dartford to a little below Purfleet—not quite half way up the river from Gravesend to Blackwall. This would join up with fine new arterial roads going east and west on both sides of the river.

The changed plan has caused an outcry from certain local authorities, and a meeting of 52 of them at the House of Commons has asked that it shall be reconsidered, but the Dartford position seems the most suitable from a national point of view.

The great thing is to relieve London traffic. Vehicles going north and south which do not want to call in London should be able to cross somewhere quite clear of the congested areas, yet not so far to one side of it as to make it too far.

From this point of view the Dartford site seems to hit the happy mean, and we hope the tunnel will be proceeded with there, enabling a great volume of traffic to miss London on its way north.

## THINGS SAID

I learned my music from God's choir, the singing birds. *Gipsy Smith*

White gloves should be worn by every car driver, bus driver, lorry driver, and motor-cyclist.

*Secretary of Automobile Association*

A person never queer in his mind is very exceptional. *Judge Staveley Hill*

I have tried hundreds of collision cases, but never heard a person admit that he was in fault. *Camberwell Judge*

When Little Nell died Dickens broke down utterly as if he had lost his own daughter. *Sir James Crichton-Browne*

Victory will ultimately crown all noble effort. *The Bishop of Derby*

The public health services of this country have no rival.

*Mr. Neville Chamberlain*

Welsh papers can hardly pay their way; we are afloat on an English flood.

*Mr. J. S. Evans, a Welsh headmaster*

An astronomer can calculate the orbit of a planet, but he cannot calculate the orbit of a fly. *Sir Oliver Lodge*

The architecture of English theatres is disgraceful. *Miss Horniman*

Does man wish to improve himself? Let him improve his work, and one morning he shall wake up to find himself a better man. There is no other way. *Dr. L. P. Jacks*

We are celebrating the Great Nativity. May I ask that we shall not forget the pitiful Madonna of the Slums with her pallid children? *Mr. Lloyd George*



## HATS ON

### AND THE FEZ OFF

#### A Very Sad Event Takes Place in Turkey

#### THE COMEDY OF A TRAGEDY

A storm in a hat is worse than a storm in a tea-cup. It is blowing all over Turkey, it has set students rioting, and has clapped forty of them in gaol. We must say we are sorry for the imprisoned students.

The C.N. knew some time ago that the fez was doomed. Now it is going, going, almost gone! It is passing swiftly out of sight as the rear of the car of progress rushes round the curve, and soon it will be a tiny speck. We are very sorry. We liked the little fez, just as we like all things that have kept true to a country's personality.

#### The Terrible Cloth Cap

Why should all the world be alike? Think how sad it would be if the Breton sailors adopted the English boatman's peaked cap in place of round ones, if the Russians gave up their nice fur hats in exchange for Homburgs, or if the Spanish muleteers took to top hats!

It is not only that the fez is doomed. The Turkish Government insists that the bowler, or the trilby, or even a cloth cap must replace it. Now, it is really terrible to think of Turkey in a cloth cap, the most undignified head-wear ever invented. The trilby is a little better—but the bowler! What is there to say for the bowler?

#### Suffering in a Good Cause

We are glad to see that young Turkey is not sitting down under this new rule. The students in some towns formed processions and shouted bravely, *Down with hats! We don't want hats!* The forty who were arrested as a result doubtless thought they were suffering in a good cause.

Unfortunately, however, the Turkish Government is taking the matter seriously, and in the midst of our slight amusement at the idea of any Government doing this kind of thing, we realise with a sudden shock that one man has already lost his life in the hat war.

#### A Fatal Pamphlet

A special court has been established to deal with people who actively object to hats in Turkey, and before this hasty tribunal a man was haled up who had written a pamphlet against the new law. It is almost unbelievable, but the poor man was hanged. Not only so but many other Turks have been sentenced to death for wearing the fez.

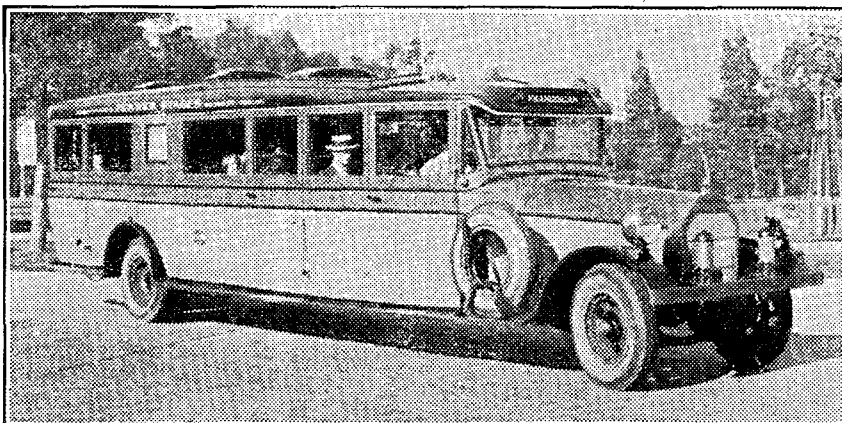
This action shows us what seriousness is underneath the shouting and disorder. Good-bye, therefore, to the fez, one of the most picturesque bits of dress in the world. Think of it! It has swept across the battlefields of Europe; it has put a red speck in the grey desert. It has been like a red sea in the bazaars of the East. It has stormed the gates of Vienna. It has bowed down to Mohammed. And now it has to go.

#### In the Auction Rooms

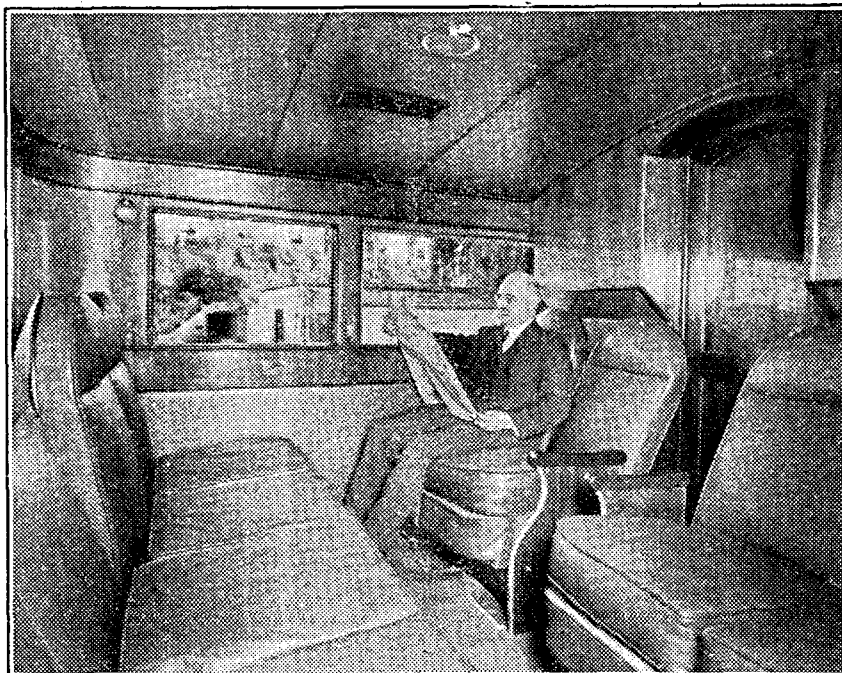
The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Set of six Georgian chairs . . .	£1207
Portrait attributed to Constable . . .	£1040
A drawing by Birket Foster . . .	£546
Five Queen Anne chairs . . .	£525
A Louis XV writing-table . . .	£460
Portrait by Reynolds . . .	£230
Pair of rare Liverpool mugs . . .	£204
A flounce of old Venetian lace . . .	£110
A Chippendale bookcase . . .	£90
Two antique carved ivory panels . . .	£62
An Empire circular table . . .	£61
Book by W. H. Hudson, 1st edition . . .	£59
A William III porringer . . .	£21

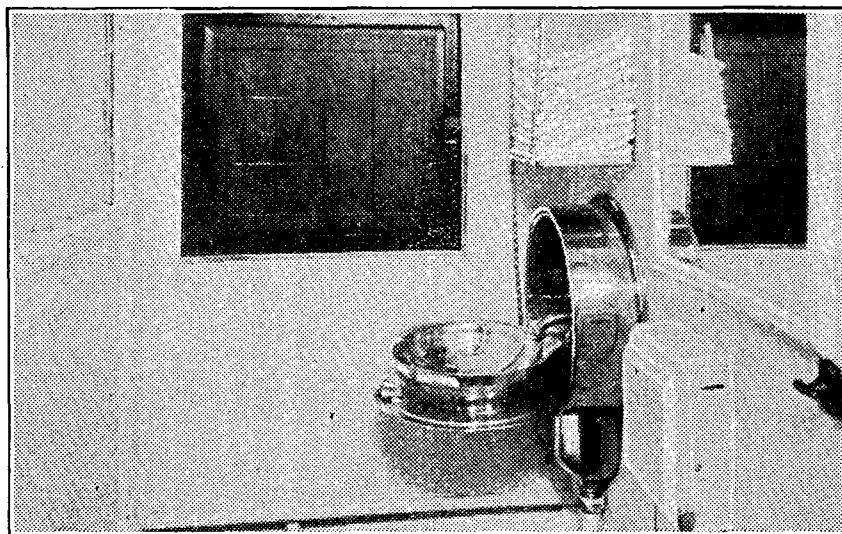
## THE TRAVELLING HOTEL



The travelling hotel spinning through the country



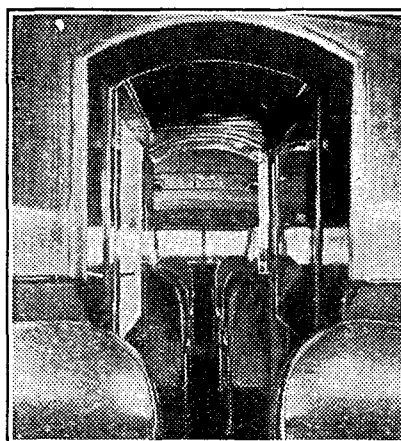
Inside the luxurious lounge of the travelling hotel



The washing apartment with water supply and towels



The kitchen, with coffee urns, bread-toaster, and gas range



Looking forward from the smoking-room. On the right is a drinking fountain

The hotel that travels on the roads has come at last, and is as wonderful in its way as the floating hotels that cross the sea and the luxurious dining cars on our railways. These pictures show an American parlour-buffet motor-coach, which has smoking and non-smoking compartments, a kitchen and dining service, and a washing apartment

## THE WHITE RACES

### ARE THEY IN DANGER?

#### A Book of Much Importance to Those Who Think

#### WORLD AND ITS PEOPLE

THE PERIL OF THE WHITE. By Sir Leo Chiozza Money. Collins. 10s. 6d.

This serious book sets out in a striking form the chief facts about the world's population and how it is made up.

It calls on all the world to attend and think about what is undoubtedly happening in the peopling of the world. Written with clearness, force, and earnestness, it ought to be read and considered by all thoughtful people who have within themselves the power of making other people think.

The text on which the book discourses is this. In 1921 the world had a population of 1852 millions. Less than one-third (603 millions) were White. Less than one-fifth of the Whites (only 117 millions) were of British stock.

The Whites are warned that they are losing ground in numbers, and will lose ground unless there is wise emigration to suitable lands. To prove this the population problem is examined in the chief countries.

#### Other Races in the Empire

The population of the British Empire is given as 462,984,600, and of these only 65,733,700 are of European stock. The Empire rules nearly ten million people more than the whole population of Europe, which is given as 453,313,000. Outside of Europe the Empire contains less than 18 million White men, the "other races" being about 22 times as many. In India there are about 660 people of the country to each individual European.

Some of the striking statements about India are that there are more Mohammedans in India than there are White men in the British Empire; and, though India is mainly an agricultural country, more people are engaged in producing manufactured goods in India than are so engaged in Great Britain.

#### Menace of Soviet Russia

The author declares that the population of China is not known to within 50 millions. He thinks it is about 460 millions, or the same as the whole British Empire; and this vast multitude is subject to the menace of Soviet Russia, which Sir Leo regards evidently as the world's most serious danger, for Russia is aiming at the mastery of the world by overthrowing European control and the existing civilisation. As he strikingly says, she is engaged at home in distributing a poverty she has created. Abroad she is designing a plunder that would be destruction; and her success would mean that the world would revert to a lower type of life.

#### Peace the Only Safeguard

One of the most striking illustrations of comparative decline in a race is seen in France. In 1869 there were 38 Frenchmen in Europe for every 37 Germans, and 30 British. Now the proportions are Frenchmen 39, Germans 63, British 48, counted in millions. The total number of the world's French stock is given as 44 millions, compared with 117 millions of the world's British stock.

Sir Leo Money thinks that in future Mexico and Central and South America will draw a larger share of the world's emigration, and that South America, through its desire for peace, is now more stable than Europe. He fears that the White races are losing ground through "dying off at the top." Another great war, he believes, would shatter civilisation and impoverish the world, for its riches are not so great as is ignorantly supposed. The preservation of peace among White men is the only safeguard.

The writer has produced a very grave but highly interesting book, crowded with important facts.



## THE HOME OF LITTLE BOY BLUE

EUGENE FIELD AND HIS SON

The Coming Down of the House where They Played

### THE CHILDREN'S POET

We were talking the other day of Little Boy Blue, and now we read of him again. The house where Eugene Field played with his Little Boy Blue is coming down, and an apartment house is to be built on its site!

It is always sad when an old house has to go, but it is particularly sad when it is the home of Eugene Field.

Long after he died, in 1895, his widow kept the house just as it was, thinking that surely some of the millions in America who loved his poems would like to preserve the house in which they were written. Every room spoke of Eugene's whimsical personality, and had a separate tale to tell.

### Bells and Butterflies

There were the bottles, for instance. He loved bottles of all colours, shapes, and sizes, bottles in the form of men and animals that might have lived and men and animals that could never possibly have lived. He loved bells of all kinds and had them in his house, and dolls made for children in every land under the Sun, and mechanical toys. He had a great case of butterflies; a collection of envelopes used during the Civil War, and songs written during that period. But he always said his two greatest treasures were an axe and a pair of big scissors. Eugene would rather have parted with anything in his house than lose sight of them.

The axe had been used by Mr. Gladstone, who loved chopping trees, and when Field went to see him at Hawarden Mr. Gladstone made him a present of the axe. The big scissors had been used by Mr. Charles A. Dana in the old newspaper office where Field worked.

### The Door to the Garden

Mrs. Field has given some personal relics of her husband to the Chicago Historical Society, but the rest of Eugene's treasures must be scattered. Very soon workmen will be hammering and slashing at the walls which were the first home of Wynken, Blynken, and Nod. The door into the garden through which Little Boy Blue used to pass, wondering whether he would like best to try to wheel his barrow outside, or play with the train inside, is being battered down. The little fellow was intent on his own most serious business of play. He could not know that those little feet of his were treading in his father's heart. He did not know that his little toy dog and his little red soldier would live on long after he had gone.

Here it was that Eugene Field's little boy came to play; here it was one day he left his toys when he went to bed:

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,  
"And don't you make any noise!"  
So toddling off to his trundle-bed,  
He dreamt of the pretty toys.  
And as he was dreaming an angel song  
Awakened our Little Boy Blue:  
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,  
But the little toy friends are true!

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,  
Each in the same old place,  
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,  
The smile of a little face;  
And they wonder, as waiting the long years  
through

In the dust of that little chair,  
What has become of our Little Boy Blue  
Since he kissed them and put them there.

Little Boy Blue has gone, Eugene Field, who played with him, has gone; now the very walls are coming down. It is sad to think of, but it is something to remember that the spirit of Little Boy Blue, the love that was cherished in that happy home by a father for his little one, will not perish from the Earth.

## GOOD THINGS TO BEGIN THE YEAR WITH

Valuable Points in a New Law

RIGHT OF FRESH AIR AND EXERCISE

The first day of the New Year has brought into use the great new land law which will turn many thousands of lawyers into students again, as the C.N. has already pointed out.

Those who have studied this re-drafting and simplifying of the law respecting property are convinced that the changes are improvements.

Here we refer to the subject once more to give two changes as instances of what has been done.

The law will now say that if anyone dies without leaving a will no one can inherit his property, as next-of-kin, who is a more distant relative than first cousin. There will be few cases where the world is searched to find somebody to inherit riches they have never heard of or hoped for; riches that have belonged to somebody who never heard of the people who will be their heirs. This way of coming into money by chance will be ended. Of course, relatives as near as first cousins may be lost sight of and become estranged, but the chances of romantic inheritance are much reduced.

### No Law of Trespass

Another change that will be welcomed is that, for the first time, the law distinctly recognises the right of the public to "air and exercise" on all common lands or manorial waste lands. There is now a very limited, but yet a distinct, admission of the right of people to ramble about for air and exercise in public places. The old law with respect to trespass is not altered; that is to say, it still remains a fact that there is no law of trespass, and that unless some damage or wrong intention can be proved, nobody can be prosecuted for trespass. At the same time there is an admitted freedom in certain public places in the direction of allowing holiday exercise.

The Laws of Property have now been condensed into a much greater compactness, yet they remain of great extent, and demand from lawyers long and careful study.

## THE RIGHTFUL HEIR

### New Laws of Property

From the pages of the story Reginald Montmorency Mauleverer James stepped into the snowy night accompanied by his younger brother, John Henry. Both had been thrust from the ancestral home of the harsh old man their father, the fifteenth earl, for some boyish prank, and together they went out to the New World, determined to share one another's exile.

Time passed. The old earl was gathered to his fathers, and the family lawyers advertised for the sixteenth earl. In vain. Reginald and Henry never came back. Rumour had it that they had been swallowed by the same Central American earthquake.

Time went on passing. Then two claimants appeared at the lawyer's office in Lincoln's Inn Fields, one asserting that he was the son of Reginald though born after his father's death, the other claiming the same in respect of John. In the old story this was a most interesting situation because, if the earthquake had swallowed Reginald first, then John had been the sixteenth earl. If John had been the first to go, then John's son had not a leg to stand on.

A most puzzling question, but it has now gone for ever, because in the New Year, 1926, the Law of Property declares that, when in doubt, the eldest must have died first!

## THEY FOLLOWED THEM TO SCHOOL ONE DAY

JOLLY IDEA FROM NEW ZEALAND

How They Kept Animal Week at Lynn

### KITTENS AND CANARIES

A fine tale comes from Auckland, in New Zealand, about Animal Week at the New Lynn School. The headmaster, Mr. Howard Ellis, who loves animals, asked his boys and girls to bring their pets to school, and all the animals, like Mary's little lamb, "followed them to school one day."

No one was late that morning at New Lynn, and a few stray people who happened to be going by wondered had they got into a menagerie by mistake.

Everybody was invited to school that day. Before the parents and friends had arrived, all the pets had arrived and were tethered in every odd corner of the school buildings. There were 150 of them, of all shapes and sizes. No one said "Not so much noise, please!" Noise reigned triumphant. What with mewings and bleatings, mooings and brayings, cooings and crows, barkings and whinneys—dear me! what a heavenly place school was that day!

### Mary Had a Little Cow

The donkey and the dogs got the most excited. Some of the big dogs had small boys on leads, and dragged them about when they wanted to see anything. The other dogs contented themselves with barking. When the donkey was not braying he was cantering about with a little girl on his back.

One small scholar went to school that day leading a little Jersey cow, shining like silk, with ribbons on her neck and roses on her horns. The Jersey won the prize; and, when she had got over her fright at going to school, stood rolling her lovely dark eyes and saying "Moo-oo" now and again, not because she was scared, but to keep the ball rolling. Not far from her were three frisky Shetland ponies.

### Mr. and Mrs. Bantam

One scholar had brought Mr. and Mrs. Bantam and four chicks. Mr. Bantam flew up on a ledge and stood and crowed and crowed. His lady was in a box with wire sides, and when she lifted her wings you could see the chicks playing hide-and-seek.

The smallest black kitten just about four inches long came in sitting on a lace doyley in a girl's hand. Someone else had a tiny orange-coloured "Pom," and it was adopted by another black kitten who wanted something to play with. There were rabbits and canaries, doves and ducks—and how they quacked! And puppies that did not care in the least whose hat they chewed.

The C.N. sends its greeting to the New Lynn School, and thinks its Pets Day a lovely idea.

## WONDERFUL RAYS

### Dr. Coolidge's New Discovery

Dr. W. D. Coolidge, the inventor of the tube which revolutionised X-ray work, has made an important discovery.

He has produced new rays of exceedingly short wave-length which appear to have the most remarkable properties. The most obstinate bacteria and their spores are killed by one second's exposure to these rays, fruit flies collapse instantly and die under them; while if the rays fall on the leaf of a rubber plant, it will immediately exude latex! The rays turn castor oil solid in the space of a few moments.

An amazing feature of the rays is that they shoot out from the tube for a distance of two feet and then bend backwards and travel half as far again in the opposite direction.

## SOUTHEY'S GRANDSON

A LITTLE MORE ABOUT HIM

The Sadness of a Life That was Thrown Away

### POET AND TRAMP

We have received several letters concerning our notes on the sad death of the grandson of the poet Southey, and we feel that our readers will wish us to call attention to them. It is sad to have to feel that Southey was a ne'er-do-well, a vagrant who lived a useless life by choice, in spite of great gifts and early opportunities.

A son of the Rev. C. H. Southey, formerly Vicar of Askham, near Penrith, he had received a university education. His personal bent being towards literature, he was allowed to take it up as a career. Through one difficulty after another, however, he ended by living the life of a vagrant. He was no mean poet, but his wandering life developed an uncontrollable impulse to be on the move.

### On a German Liner

Several years ago he turned up in the Scilly Isles, and a clergyman there conceived a warm regard for him, and found him a most interesting personality, as indeed appears to have been the case wherever he drifted.

He served in the South African war, and received a medal of which he was very proud. Later he was a cook's scullion on a German liner.

From a minister who reads the C.N. we have received an account of a meeting which adds something to the pathos of the poor man's life.

In the course of conversation Southey quoted a passage from Lorna Doone, and expressed a desire for the book. Fortunately the minister was able to give it to him. He had with him a notebook in which he had written verses of his own, and he repeated one of his poems which showed that he was truly, like his grandfather, a child of the Muse.

### An Indelible Memory

"He was the only one of the many waifs and strays of society who have called on me," says the minister, "who did not ask for anything, but only seemed to desire the relief that came from talking to an educated person. When I suggested help he simply said he would be glad to have a collar! I gave him that, and supplied other deficiencies in his clothing. Though he never asked for money he had it as a parting gift. The memory of him is indelibly stamped on me—as of a song bird with a broken wing that came out of the storm for a moment and then passed into it again."

We cannot refrain from giving our correspondent's experience, so rich in sympathetic and tolerant understanding, but we fear that Southey had only himself to blame for his misfortunes.

### The Long Road

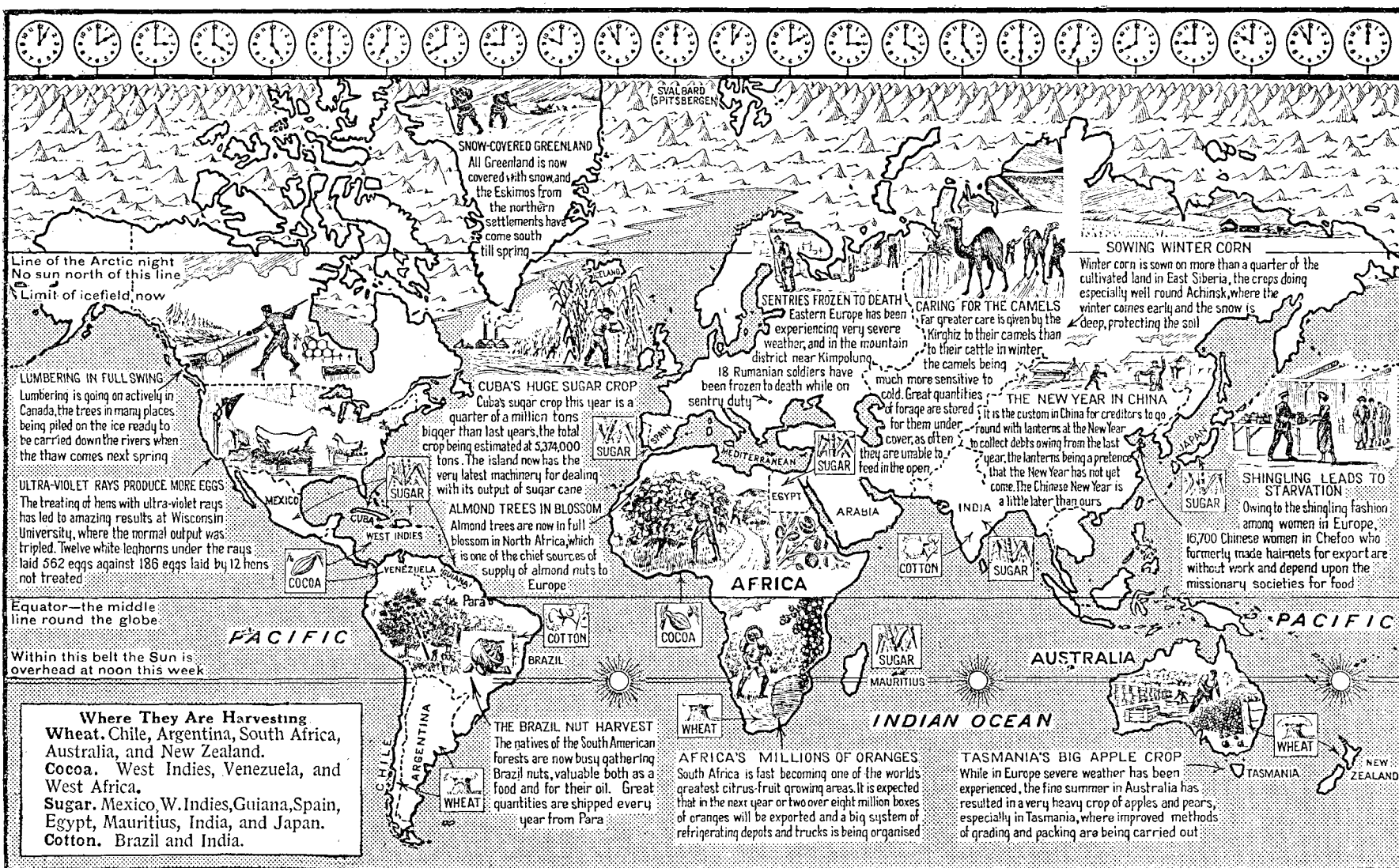
At another time, after being in prison for begging, he was befriended by a gentleman in Carlisle, for whom, on leaving, he wrote out some verses. They were no doubt his own, and probably the verses to which the minister refers in the letter given above. We give two of the verses here:

The long road lies before me,  
The cloudy heavens are o'er me,  
And the journey never ending  
Is the only one for me!  
For the road winds on for ever,  
And my feet may leave it never,  
Till they're straight laid together  
In the sleep that sets me free.

The little town draws nearer,  
And the buildings stand out clearer,  
Soon I'll see the glowing casements  
And the happy lights behind,  
And I ponder, dully grieving,  
O'er a past there's no retrieving.  
Oh, the story of those shadows,  
Those shadows on the blind!



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING HARVESTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## CLEANLINESS AND HUMANITY

### World's Model Slaughter House

"Were I to tell you one-twentieth of the things which I have seen in the slaughter-houses of this country, half of you would go away vegetarians," said Mr. Dodds, an inspector of abattoirs, at the foundation-stone laying of the world's model abattoir at Letchworth.

It is shocking that England should be far behind the best that other countries are doing to secure humanity and cleanliness in the places where animals are killed for food. Local authorities may make rules, and many have done so, but over the greater part of the country they have still to be adopted.

At Letchworth an abattoir is now being built as an object lesson for all local authorities that may be hesitating what to do. Of course, the humane killer will be used, and every known contrivance will be set up for keeping the place scrupulously clean, including mess-rooms, changing-rooms, and bath-rooms for the butchers.

## A DOG'S FIDELITY

### A Somerset Story

The limited nature of a dog's intelligence when it has not been trained to certain duties is seen in this true story from Somerset.

A lady who had been to see a friend living some miles away, and who took with her her little dog, found on reaching home that she had lost her dog and also her gloves.

Next morning the postman called and said that about two miles away he had passed her dog sitting by the side of the road watching a pair of gloves. He had been there, on guard, all night.

Here we see enough intelligence to know that the gloves belonged to the dog's mistress, and enough of the idea of guardianship to cause the dog to remain by its mistress's property until she came. But, as the dog had had no training in bringing things to their owner, that duty did not occur to it.

## A TRAVEL EXHIBITION ON TOUR

### Poster Geography

The Travel Exhibition organised by Miss Winifred Guy is going on tour in the country, we are glad to hear, and will be seen at the famous Walker Art Gallery in Liverpool.

It was begun at Brighton, to make geography lessons real to scholars, and it has now been widely extended, and has proved popular wherever it is known. In Whitechapel it was so attractive a year ago that the time of keeping it open was prolonged.

The exhibition includes about a thousand posters issued by railway, shipping, and aerial companies. Then there are pictorial maps, photographs, models, and films, many being lent by the Dominion Governments - and by transport companies.

Associated with travel lectures, it is a most attractive exhibition, and we hope it will have a lengthy tour.

## RISE OF A GIRTON GIRL

### New Head of Morley College

The students of Morley College, Lambeth, have got a splendid new principal, Mrs. Barbara Wootton, who as a schoolgirl of seventeen began thinking very hard about social problems and labour troubles and how a country should be governed. That was eleven years ago.

Since then she has had a brilliant career at Girton, dividing her attention between classics and economics. Her husband was killed in the war. After two years as director of studies in economics at Girton, she took up research work on the staff of the Labour Party. Now she has got a post in which her great knowledge and skill will have scope.

Morley College is for working men and women, and they feel they have a friend, as well as a great scholar, in their new principal.

## THE BEGGAR AND THE BABY

### A Cold Night Story

A correspondent sends us this curious little tale of real life from Paris.

Although the French people do not have large families, or possibly because of this fact, they are devoted to their children, and this devotion led to an amusing scene in Paris the other day.

It was so cold that a kind-hearted woman approached a beggar in great indignation, and asked her how she could be so cruel as to expose her child to the rigours of the night air. She was so insistent that the beggar woman was forced at last to disillusion her. "This isn't a real baby," she explained. "It's only a bundle of rags; but," she added, "it brings me just as many coppers as a real baby could."

Perhaps the kind-hearted lady ought to have been satisfied by the explanation, but she was even more indignant at having been deceived than she had been for the sake of the poor baby.

## LIKE A CITY OF THE DEAD

### A General Strike in an African Capital

We often hear talk of a general strike, but happily we do not often see one.

Lourenço Marques, the capital of Portuguese East Africa, has been experiencing one, with amazing results.

A financial panic followed the stoppage of all trade, so severe that not even British bank notes were considered safe; people would take nothing but gold.

Railwaymen who attempted to run the trains were fired on by the strikers. The whole town was patrolled by troops, anyone even attempting to speak to a friend in the street being moved on at once. The place was "like a city of the dead." An attempt to deport strike leaders was defeated by the sailors refusing to sail while the men were on board.

## SEED SOWN IN A PRISON SHIP

### And the Good Fruit it Bears

During the Napoleonic wars hundreds of prisoners of many nationalities were kept for years in British galls and prison ships at points around the coast.

Among these were some Danes and Norwegians who, while they were on a prison ship in the Medway, received gifts of Quaker books in Danish from the Society of Friends.

The Norwegian prisoners, who were interested in the Quaker gifts, got into touch with the Quakers in London, and some of the leading Friends of the day went to visit them. The prisoners began to hold Quaker meetings on board their prison ship, and when peace came they took back their Quaker message to Norway and Denmark.

We are reminded of this little-known chapter of history by the fact that there has lately died Mr. Alfred Kemp Brown, a well-known Quaker school-master and tutor whose son is Acting Principal of Ruskin College at Oxford. Mr. Brown spent much of his time travelling for the Friends, visiting the little groups which still exist in Denmark and Norway as a result of the message learned by the prisoners of last century. It was when he was on a steamer sailing for Stavanger a few weeks ago that Mr. Brown fell on deck and received injuries from which he did not recover.

## LABOUR SAVING

### The Most Popular Machines

Sewing machines were found to be the most popular of labour-saving devices in a survey recently made in an American rural district.

In every hundred of the families, 88 had sewing machines, 66 had motor-cars, 63 had kitchen sinks, 61 had oil or gas stoves, and 55 had washing machines.

It seems strange to see the motor-car ahead of the kitchen sinks.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 2 1926

## Making 1926

THE old year is over; 1925 belongs to the past. It was a year which brought us many dark times, but it was in the main a year of hope; and we have many good things to carry over from it.

Now for 1926. What is it going to be?

We certainly do not know what is going to happen. Whether there will be a bright summer, or a mild winter where summer should be, we do not know. What is going to happen in Europe and China and India and other lands we might guess, but we not do know. There are so many things which do not depend upon us.

But, none the less, when we think what 1926 is to be there is a place for us. We have something to decide ourselves in the making of 1926. We come into the story.

Men cannot tell whether there will be earthquakes or not, or when the storms will come; but whether or not one nation is at peace with another nation depends upon what is happening in the minds of certain people. If they are thinking one kind of thoughts, thoughts of goodwill and generosity, if they are putting themselves in the other people's place, then they are helping to make 1926 a year of peace for their nation. But if they are hating the other people, and wish to "give them a lesson," then they are helping to make 1926 a year of war with all that war brings. Man comes into the story, we can see. It depends partly upon him what is going to happen.

We can help to make 1926 a famous year in our school, but we cannot be sure of that. We can be sure if we pull together, and seek for the best things, that the year will not be one of which we need be ashamed. We can make it so by our own decision to stand for the things that are clean and honest and straight. We can make 1926 a year which will leave behind for us no bitter memories. So, by doing our best here and now, we shall be making ready for the time to come when we take our places in the big school of the world, and help to shape its life.

There was once a year called *Annus Mirabilis*, the Wonderful Year, because of all the glories it brought to our nation. We can help to make 1926 an *Annus Mirabilis* for all of us, a fine and splendid year. The statesmen have begun to move at last, and the Locarno spirit is about. Let us pass it on. Let every one of us do something this year to make it the best year of our lives, the beginning of the Great New Time.

It is within our power, for we are all builders of 1926. A Happy New Year to us all!



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London  
above the hidden waters of the ancient River  
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## A Few Christmas Presents

WHAT did you get for Christmas? Here is a list of Christmas presents of other days which somebody has collected.

From the King of France to Edward the First: An elephant, "a most strange beast and wonderful."

From his courtiers to Edward the Second: Fourteen heads of peacocks for pies.

From Henry the Sixth at ten years old to his Mother: A crucifix of gold and a ruby ring.

Edward the Fourth to his little son: A right fair hobby-horse.

Queen Mary from faithful subjects: A pair of sleeves embroidered with Flemish silver.

From Francis Drake to Queen Elizabeth: A fan of white and red feathers, having her Majesty's picture within, framed in seed-pearls and diamonds.

In Norman days the citizens of Gloucester sent the King "a lamprey pie."

## Good News for Horses

ONE of man's first friends may now look forward to a time when he will be withdrawn from the cruellest task ever imposed on him, that of fighting in his master's battles without hope or reward.

An announcement that after the New Year no more drivers are to be enlisted in the Royal Artillery points to the military belief that in future guns will not be galloped to the front by horses, but will be drawn by motors.

There is a fable told of the Ox, the Horse, and the Donkey, who were discussing who had won the war. The Ox claimed the honour because he had provided the troops with beef and soup and other food. The Horse disputed the claim because he had drawn the guns and the wagons and all the supplies needed at the front. But the Donkey obstinately refused to accord the credit to either. He had won the war, and, pressed to substantiate his claim, he asserted that he had been at the War Office!

While there are people in war offices eager or willing to make war neither the Ox nor the Horse nor the Ass, nor poor Man, the master of them all, will be safe. What we have to do is to remove not only the horse from war but the master of the horse.

## Three Old Ladies of Sheffield

IN these days it is good to read of the Three Old Ladies of Sheffield.

First there is Mrs. Anne Benson, who entered the service of a firm of hair-seating makers when she was ten and has been with them for 66 years. Then there are Mrs. Jordan, who has spent 61 years with the same employers; and Miss Ann Simpson, whose record with another firm is just over 60 years.

And, what is still more remarkable, these three valiant and cheerful women went to the same school. It seems to us that there must have been a fine, healthy atmosphere in that little school.

## From a Yorkshire Parish

A good friend of the C.N. sends us this story from a Yorkshire Vicarage.

THE district visitor was going round with the parish magazine, and at one house the lady observed that she did not wish to have it.

"Oh, perhaps you're a Methodist?" said the visitor.

"No, I ain't a Methodist," said the lady of the house; "I was cremated in the Church of England!"

## Tip-Cat

TURKS are rebelling against the order to wear European hats. Such an order was bound to go to their heads.

A CORRESPONDENT asks, Is there a remedy for sea-sickness? Yes; stop on shore.

A LOAF of bread nearly 2000 years old has been found at Herculaneum. We understand it is rather stale.

THE League of Nations has set up a set of golf and tennis courts at

Geneva. America will be coming in yet.

MOUNT ETNA is active again. Let it beware of Mussolini.

HEAT travels faster

than cold. That is probably what makes it hot.

SPAIN has formed a society for preventing thoughtless cruelty to animals. The deliberate cruelty is still to continue at the Bull Fight.

A CORRESPONDENT asks, What does a detective look like when he is not disguised? It depends on what sort of face he has.

NINETY-FIVE wagons of chestnuts have arrived in London. More were told after the Christmas dinner.

## Safety First

THE writer who urges that Safety First is a bad phrase to instil into the mind of youth would perhaps change his opinion if he took a wider view of the subject.

Youth is naturally headlong and reckless, and needs no encouragement in those directions. Unless it learns to be careful it is unlikely to live long enough, nowadays, to know that it is not heroic to throw life away uselessly by accident. The bravest seek cover when nothing is to be gained by standing up to be shot at; they secure Safety First in order that they may have a chance to put up a good fight and lose their lives, when they must lose them, to some purpose.

Cowards run away from danger; the foolish run into it; the sensible man imitates neither of them.

## Bread and Dreams

By Our Country Girl

WORK a bit, hope a bit,  
Sing a bit, and say:  
Wealth may come tomorrow,  
Health is here today;  
Every load is lighter  
Than its bearer deems,  
I can be content with  
Dry bread and dreams!

FOLK who fared no better  
Gave the world its art,  
Spire and song and picture  
Stirring mind and heart;  
Cities have been founded,  
Nations made, it seems,  
On this very diet:  
Dry bread and dreams.

THOSE who waste the morning  
Wishing it were noon,  
Only sigh at mid-day:  
Dawn has gone too soon!  
Joy we in the present,  
For when sunset beams  
Though we sup like princes  
We may lack for dreams.

## Nurse Calls

A correspondent sends us this conversation between a housewife and a nurse who called to see her the other day on the way from her hospital. The housewife was cleaning down her sink; the nurse was fresh from an operation.

"How did you do it? I should have fainted," said the housewife, as she washed round the sink. The nurse smiled, then looked thoughtful, and asked, "Why are you doing that?"

"This?" the housewife questioned, surprised and a little scornful. "Why, because I believe cleanliness is next to godliness, of course!"

"So do I," said the nurse. "And that is why I could bear it. Those wounds became to me just something to be cleaned up."

The housewife looked thoughtful in her turn. Then she gave another little shudder. "But the blood—" she cried. Again the nurse smiled.

## -More Precious than Rubies

"Well, there are two things about blood," she said. "One is that it is one of the best cleaning agents. The other is that it is precious, more precious than rubies. How could blood, being more precious than rubies, be less beautiful?"

"And the pain?" said the housewife, as if she thought Nurse callous.

"People call us callous," Nurse answered slowly. "I think it is this way. Those of us who love our work learn all we can to relieve pain, and to do our work cheerfully, with a gentle deftness. After that we can do no more. We must just concentrate on the perfection of the human body and do all we can to restore our patient to such perfection as we can."

## Our Earthly Rulers Falter

O God of Earth and altar,  
Bow down and hear our cry,  
Our earthly rulers falter,  
Our people drift and die;  
The walls of gold entomb us,  
The swords of scorn divide,  
Take not Thy thunder from us  
But take away our pride!

G. K. CHESTERTON



## AFTER LOCARNO THE LEAGUE ENTERS ON ITS BIG TASK

### Nineteen Nations Called to a Great Peace Conference

#### CAN WE DISARM?

A great step forward has been taken by the League. It has called together, to meet at Geneva on February 15, what is to be known as a Preparatory Commission for a Disarmament Conference.

This Commission is to go into the whole question of disarmament, and to make proposals concerning the lines on which an agreement can be reached as to what arms each nation shall give up.

Nineteen Governments, including America, Russia, and Germany, have been asked to send representatives, and meanwhile the Council has sent out to the Government of every country in the world a series of seven questions. These questions, and the answers, will be the subject matter of the discussions of the Preparatory Commission.

#### Difficult Questions

The first question may certainly be said to "begin at the beginning." It is, *What are armaments?* That is to say, what does the word mean, and what decides a country's power in time of war? The second question is whether the ultimate strength of a country in war can be limited, or only its strength in time of peace.

Another question is how armaments are to be measured—by length of service, equipment, expenditure, or what? And here is a difficult one, Can you distinguish between armaments intended only for defence and armaments that can be used in attack? Or take aircraft. Can a distinction be made between those meant only for travel and trade and those that can be used in war? Similarly, how far do a country's merchant ships increase the resources of its navy?

#### Ending a Nightmare

And finally, what sort of scale can be used in deciding how big an armament each country ought reasonably to be allowed, taking into consideration its population, resources, situation, and the security it can count on under the League Covenant and any special agreements such as those of Locarno.

To have drawn up these questions and to have set up the machinery to find the answers to them is the biggest thing that has yet been done to end the nightmare of arming. It is a step there is no retracing for honourable men.

## PERSIA FOLLOWS TURKEY

### Sweeping Reforms on Western Lines

The Persian Parliament, which has deposed the Shah and enthroned a new ruler, is evidently taking the Turkish Republic as a model. It is busy Westernising the country at a tremendous rate. Here are some of the laws it has passed:

Every citizen to take a surname.  
Births, deaths, and marriages to be registered.

Old titles to be abolished.  
Commercial code established dealing with companies, banks, brokers, and bankruptcy.

Metric system of weights and measures substituted for varying systems in different districts.

Compulsory military service for all.

The new Shah, as, has already been announced in the C.N., was once a private soldier.

## OLD HABIT CHANGED AFTER 3000 YEARS

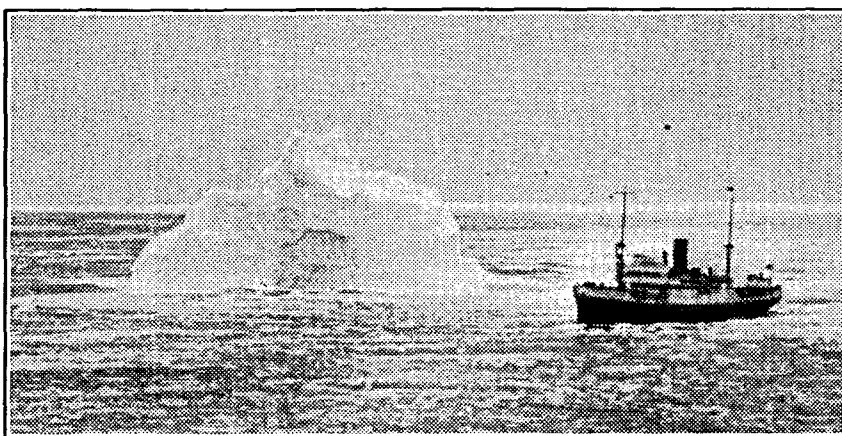
**A**FTER three thousand years, a scientific method of making gold leaf has been discovered.

Up till now gold leaf, which is used on an enormous scale for lettering and decoration, has been made by beating gold metal with a hammer. A bar of gold is first rolled into a sheet between steel rollers, and the sheet is cut into squares. These squares are packed between fine vellum, and are beaten with a heavy hammer. The thinned-out squares are next placed between

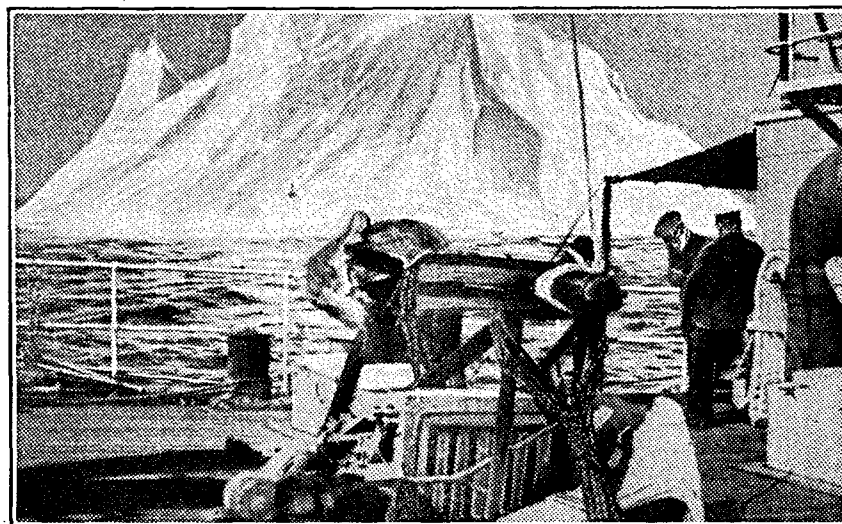
goldbeater's skin and are beaten again until the gold spreads out into a fine sheet. The beating usually goes on for several weeks, and an ounce of gold is thus spread out to 100 square feet, in sheets, so that 282,000 sheets placed together will only measure an inch.

The new method consists of depositing a very thin layer of gold by means of electricity upon a support, and leaves of gold, even very much thinner than those made by beating can be prepared in a few hours.

## THE TERROR OF THE ATLANTIC



A British steamer passing a huge iceberg a quarter of a mile deep



A United States patrol ship preparing to blow up an iceberg

Icebergs are the terror of the Atlantic and when they begin to break off the great icefield of the North, as they soon will do, United States patrol ships go out and not only warn other vessels of the whereabouts of floating bergs, but blow these up into smaller fragments, which are of less danger and soon melt as they float south

## THE MEMORY OF A GOOD MAN

**W**ELSH people everywhere are delighted to hear that by the decision of the Young Wales Association of London the Owen Jones monument in All Hallows Churchyard is to be restored.

It is a pity for any historic monument to be allowed to decay beyond recognition, but in this case it would have been lamentable, for Owen Jones (or Owen Myfyr, as perhaps we ought to call him) was a rare man whose memory should be kept green.

He died just over a hundred years ago, aged 74, after a lifetime's devotion to research in connection with the Welsh language. He knew that when the language and literature of a race are allowed to die the death of the race, sooner or later, must follow. There is nothing that keeps a people alive, however scattered, under no matter how dark a cloud, like the use of their own language.

Even though he may not want to change the names of his towns on the map, a man may love the language of his own folk. As soon as a Welshman forgets to be interested in the Welsh tongue, he might just as well be American, or Spanish, or Singalese.

The language of Owen Myfyr's country is a treasury of lovely tales, poems, and old romances which lose their beauty in translation; and this man, whose memory London is delighted to honour, did yeoman labour in preserving some of this literature in its native form. He got together the works of Dafydd ap Gwilym, and sent Iolo Morganwg all over Wales copying manuscripts. The result of this labour, and many others, is the famous Myfyrion archæology and over a hundred manuscripts in the British Museum.

Owen gave not only his mind, his learning, and enthusiasm to this precious work, but he gave of his own substance. It is said that the three Myfyrion volumes cost him over a thousand pounds apiece, in good money, as the Cornish say.

A thankful people, calling him the saviour of the Welsh language, caused a monument to be set up in Owen's memory in the hoary old church of All Hallows, Thames Street. But time has been unkind to the stone, and its legend and shape are nearly effaced. This decay Young Wales is repairing, and the stone is being restored.

## POLAND LOSES A GREAT SON

### MAN WHO ENRICHED HER LITERATURE

### Peasant's Boy who Won Fame and the Nobel Prize

### CHRONICLER OF THE COMMON PEOPLE

Poland has lately lost another of her great men, Ladislaw Reymont, and all the reading world is joining with Poland to mourn his death. We were thinking of him only last year in connection with that grand book *The Peasants*, which earned him the Nobel Prize for literature.

That is, as the C.N. knows, the richest award in the world for a well-written book—six thousand pounds. Poor Ladislaw Reymont did not wear his honours very long, for he was ill a long time before he died. Quite apart from the thought of this short-lived enjoyment of fame in the world's eyes, it is very sad that this man of 57 should have passed away in what was the prime of his writing life, before any of his powers had waned. And it is doubly sad that Polish genius, which is of so wonderful a vitality, should be getting thinned down.

#### A Country of Sorrow

Only a few weeks ago Zeromski, another distinguished novelist, died. Not very long ago Sienkiewicz passed away, the first Polish writer to win the Nobel Prize. Poor Poland, country of sorrow and genius, mourning for her sons and not to be comforted!

Reymont was not always a writer. His life makes a vivid picture of varied scenes. He was born the son of a peasant, in 1868, near Piotrkow. The first trouble came when he was turned out of a Russian school because he talked too much about the rights of Poland.

Then he began to try to find his niche among the world's workers. First he laboured as a telegraph operator. Then he tried to see if he was any good as an actor; not much, it seems, for he was presently in the employ of a railway company. In the meantime he was storing up impressions of life, each day or week giving a grain toward that wealth of which the world has reaped the harvest.

#### His Best Novel

In 1895 his first novel appeared, dealing with life in theatres. Then came *The Promised Land*, *The Year 1793*, and others. His story, *The Peasants*, which won the Nobel Prize, is a powerful work, undeniably his best. It is divided into four parts, named after the four seasons, and deals mainly with peasant life, its sorrows and joys, its bitterness and its beautiful hidden charity and kindness.

There is an interesting story told of *The Peasants*. During the war a prisoner, a French professor of the Sorbonne, chanced on a copy of this work and whiled away hundreds of miserable hours reading it again and again. When the war was over he brought out something he had planned during captivity—a French translation of *The Peasants*. This great work is now to be read in all languages, and only those who know it have some measure of Poland's loss.

## A NEW SORT OF RUBBER High Prices Make an Industry

High rubber prices have led to a new industry springing up in Texas.

A bush-like plant called the guayula grows in great abundance there, and about eight per cent of its bulk can be converted into a rubber-like substance, which can be used for waterproofing cloth or footwear. Four factories are now at work extracting this substance from the plants.



## THE FIRST BRITISH EMPIRE

### A BATTLE FOR THE MASTERY OF THE WORLD

#### Emperor's Amazing Baths a Mile Round

#### HOW ROME LINKED EUROPE TOGETHER

While the fate of Mesopotamia focuses the attention of the world, two unnoted events in widely sundered lands have occurred to interest us in Septimius Severus, the man who added that ancient country to the world-wide domain of Rome.

The Italian Government has just freed from modern obstructions the arch of Severus in Leptis Magna, Tripoli, where he was born in A.D. 146; and the city of York has just concluded its year's work on the great Roman wall behind which he sheltered and died, 1714 years ago. And Liverpool, though few people know it, has a deep interest in the same subject.

#### Britain's Roman Ruler

Just before the close of the second century the Roman ruler in Britain, Clodius Albinus, was recognised as Caesar by Severus, but, war breaking out between the two men, Albinus led an army from Britain into Gaul. That army was largely strengthened by Britons, and they fought so superbly that until the last hour they seemed certain of success. Defeat came late in the day with the arrival of reinforcements for Severus, and so ended the three years of the first British Empire.

Now undisputed Emperor, Severus conquered Mesopotamia, explored Egypt, re-modelled Roman institutions, and came to Britain, making York his headquarters for the suppression of rebellions in Caledonia. Perhaps his chief reason for coming was domestic. His sons, Caracalla and Geta, were living evil lives in Rome, so he determined to remove them from temptation, and brought them with him, only to see Caracalla conspire against him.

#### The Throne of the World

Severus, broken in health and heart, retired behind the great walls of York, the walls which have so recently been further revealed, and died there in February, 211.

The throne of the world was now jointly ascended by the brothers Caracalla and Geta. On returning to Rome Caracalla, now 25, barbarously murdered Geta while their mother vainly spread her sheltering arms about the victim. He then caused the massacre of 20,000 people of both sexes, adherents of Geta, including Papinian, the greatest legal scholar of all time, who stands among the world's law-makers as Homer stands among poets.

#### The Inscription on the Arch

In the Forum of the Eternal City was erected a great sculptured arch to Severus, and on it were carved the figures and titles of Caracalla and Geta. After the murders Caracalla caused his brother's name and inscription to be erased, and to this day we see the space where the lettering ran.

But, though the monstrous Caracalla left Britain for ever, he is here with us still. He built the greatest and most famous baths in the world, a structure which even today, after centuries of pillage and destruction, remain, next to the Colosseum, the vastest of surviving ruins. The baths were a mile in circumference, covered 2,625,000 square yards, and accommodated 1600 bathers at once, in hot, tepid, cold, and swimming baths. They had gigantic halls of noble marble, floors of mosaic, pipes and basins of silver, and statues which are world-famous today were everywhere.

Here it is that Liverpool's interest is excited, for her noble St. George's Hall

## A MILLION YEARS AFTER

### London as the Home of Lions Again

#### SEVENTY KINGS OF BEASTS PASS ROARING THROUGH THE CAPITAL

The other day seventy lions arrived in London, sixty-nine by rail and one by aeroplane, and as they passed through the streets to a menagerie their roars alarmed, if they did not terrify, the people going about their business.

Such an amazing gathering of the king of beasts in the Capital of the Empire is of more than passing interest, for to find lions in such numbers on the banks of the Thames we must go back at least a million years. In those far-off days the lion in large numbers roamed freely over the pleasant land of England, but then they had no admiring crowds to see them and listen to their roar.

#### Lion's Skull Found in Kent

In many parts of the south of England the remains of great lions have been found, showing that the animal was quite common in the Pliocene and Pleistocene ages.

At the Natural History Museum in Kensington there is a fine skull of a great cave lion found in the brick-earth of Crayford, Kent, not far from the Editor's Kent hilltop. Could the Editor have looked out from his library windows in those days he would have seen lions wandering along the valley below. Other remains of the cave lion have been found in the bone caves of Banwell, in Somersetshire. This great British lion was a variety of the existing African lion which formerly roamed over the whole of the Dark Continent and over all Western Asia.

#### A Rare Visitor

Today the lion is rarely seen outside the southern part of Africa, although a few still live on in Arabia. Yet living men have seen a lion nearly as far north as the Mediterranean. Not many years ago some Englishmen were hunting wild boars in Morocco, outside Tangier, when one of them, who had been separated from his companions, amused them by saying he had just seen a lion run off among the rocks.

"Oh no!" said they, "lions have not been seen in Northern Morocco for generations."

The man persisted, and finally induced the party to search the ground, when a lion's footprints were distinctly seen. It must have been wandering far north, or else lions still breed in the fastnesses of the Atlas Mountains, far from the haunts of men.

## A SLAVE MOTHER'S SONS

### Record of a Talented Family

An old Negress born in slavery and married to a Negro who could neither read nor write has just died in America, leaving a family of seven sons and five daughters, all of whom, by the utmost self-denial of their parents, received a liberal education.

All the daughters are married to professional or commercial men of good position, and all the sons are in professions or at college. One of the six is principal of a college, another a professor of agriculture, and another principal of a high school.

Continued from the previous column

is a copy, in modern material, of a part of Caracalla's baths in Rome.

So memory brings Leptis Magna, Rome, York, and Liverpool together. Severus strengthened the walls of York, in which Constantine was afterwards to be acclaimed Caesar, and then, 1700 years later, we sent enthusiasts from England to Rome to dig out the Forum where the debris of centuries had buried the works of Severus.

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



### Gathered by

A seal has been captured on the sands at Hartlepool.

Two brothers, both solicitors, opposed each other in a case at Gateshead the other day.

The London County Council is trying to find a way of warming the tramways in cold weather.

#### Rags and Rats

A terrier called Rags has killed nearly 300 rats in a Lincolnshire village.

#### A Vast Concern's Great Loss

The United States' postal service was run at a loss of ten million pounds in 1924.

#### A Midget Motor-car

A tiny motor-car weighing only 560 pounds has just completed a trip across America in less than a month.

#### Bigger Glasgow

The area of Glasgow will be extended by about one-half under a Bill passed by a House of Commons Committee.

#### Wasted Millions

Britain's drink bill for the year 1924 was £316,000,000, an increase of over £8,000,000.

#### A Hare's Day Out

A hare running along a busy street was the strange sight witnessed at Hull not long ago.

#### Little James Barrie

James Barrie, a twelve-year-old nephew of Sir James Barrie, broke his arm while playing the other day.

#### Death in a Spider's Bite

Opening a barrel of apples, an Aberavon man was bitten by a tarantula spider, and died from poisoning.

#### Harrow Has a New Master

Dr. Cyril Norwood, once an Admiralty clerk, has left Marlborough College to be headmaster of Harrow School.

#### Queen and Boy Scouts

It has been recalled that the last public act of Queen Alexandra was to receive the Danish Boy Scouts at Marlborough House.

#### Free Fares to Russia

Lady Astor has offered to pay the passage of any Socialist and his family to Russia, provided they live there for two years.

#### Motorist, Deaf and Dumb

A deaf-and-dumb motorist has been fined at Croydon, the magistrates regretting that it was not possible to stop his licence.

#### In an Old Kentish Church

During repairs to the fine old Norman church at Bapchild, Kent, a 14th-century wall-painting of the Crucifixion has been discovered.

#### Fewer Wheels to Mend

Owing to the advance of motor transport the number of Kentish master wheelwrights has decreased from 339 in 1882 to 136 in 1924.

#### The Brewers and Their Millions

The profits of British brewing firms have nearly doubled in ten years, having gone up from under ten millions in 1913 to nearly 18 millions in 1923.

#### Italy's Way

An amazing response is being made by the Italian people to the Government's appeal for subscriptions to pay the American debt.

#### A Plumber's Discovery

A young American plumber has discovered a new metal alloy claimed to be three times as strong as bronze or milled steel, but only one-third as heavy.

#### Across the Sea Without Seeing It

A Nottingham couple, both 85, have just crossed the Atlantic without seeing the sea or the smoke from the liner's funnels. They preferred to stay in their cosy cabin all the time.

#### Scraps of Paper

It was stated the other day that many of the proclamations issued during the German occupation of Belgium are already illegible, the ink either having eaten through the paper, or the paper itself having begun to dissolve.

## PUTTING A NATION ON ITS FEET AGAIN

### GERMANY PAYING HER WAY

#### A Year of the Dawes Scheme and its Promising Results

#### NATIONS IN VICTORY AND DEFEAT

The Dawes scheme for enabling Germany to make her reparation payments is working smoothly so far.

That is the substance of the first Annual Report of Mr. Parker Gilbert, the young American whom Germany's creditors made Agent-General for Reparation Payments.

The scheme is working smoothly because the German authorities are helping in an entirely friendly spirit. The scheme, indeed, has been of great value to Germany, for it has enabled her to balance her Budget and "stabilise her currency." We have only to look at France, who can do neither the one nor the other, to know how much that means. It is a remarkable thing that Germany should be recovering her security while France is in confusion, and it is, of course, a wonderful example of the way the Peace Mind conquers the War Mind.

Broadly speaking, the nations which were beaten in the war are financially more stable today than the countries that won. Mr. Norman Angell told us before we thought of the war that that would happen, but most people did not believe him.

#### Exporting Money

Germany, in this first year of the Dawes scheme, has paid the fifty million pounds required quite easily, but that is because forty millions of it has been paid out of a loan, the rest coming out of the railway revenues. The loan was to give her time to set her house in order, and this she has succeeded in doing.

But we have been warned that the real question is not whether Germany can find the money but whether she can "export" it to other countries without upsetting the international exchange. Thanks to the loan, the fifty millions paid so far was paid without what is called a "cash transfer." The only way such a transfer can be made is when Germany is exporting more goods than she is importing, when the difference in their value represents money paid out.

At present Germany is importing more goods than she is exporting, which is the wrong way about for paying debts. It is rather a good thing, therefore, that she had not to make any "cash transfers" last year, for she could not have done it! But in October her imports were half a million tons less and her exports half a million tons more than they were in January. So things are moving in the right direction for her.

## THE WORKMAN WHO FORGOT HIS PIPE

### Found After Centuries

About 235 years ago a forgetful workman left his pipe in a niche in the wall of a London church he was helping to rebuild, and there it was found the other day, just as he had left it.

The church was St. Mary Somerset, in Upper Thames Street. It was rebuilt in 1690 after the Great Fire. The tower is all that is left of it now, and this was opened a year ago and fitted up as a rest room for women workers.

There is nothing remarkable about the pipe except its age and its long seclusion. It has a short stem with an ordinary bowl sloping outwards.



## THE DOCTOR WHO WENT ON

### Chinese Tribute to a Great Life-Work

#### OLD MAN GOES BACK TO THE SCENE OF HIS LABOURS

Over forty years ago a young Scottish doctor went out to China. He wanted to go up-country into the Northern Provinces of Manchuria where there were no Western doctors.

The people he met in Shanghai said, "Just settle here and make a good income." Others warned him: "You are attempting the impossible by going up country; the religions of the Chinese suit them well, and they are content with their own medicines." Another said: "Never trust a Chinese with anything; not even with a pill." But the young doctor went on.

A few weeks ago a Chinese General in Mukden, the capital of Manchuria, drew a cord which removed the Chinese flag from a coloured pedestal and revealed the bust of Dr. Dugald Christie, founder of the Mukden Medical College, the young pioneer of 1882. It was a tribute from Chinese to their old friend, who had spent 40 years working and teaching among them.

#### The New Statue in Mukden

When Dr. Christie retired in 1922 they immediately set about collecting money for a memorial, and commissioned Mr. Percy Portsmouth, Director of Sculpture at the Edinburgh College of Art, to design a bust. That is how the bust of this veteran doctor and missionary comes now to stand in front of the Medical College, where, within a few weeks, Dr. Christie himself is likely to be looking at it, for he is now on his way to China, again visiting as an old man of 70 the scene of his labours.

The history of Dr. Christie's life in China was at first one of hostility and persecution, wars, and the fighting of the deadly plague; but he has lived to see prejudice overcome. Especially did the Chinese value his work in fighting the plague, and he received honours and thanks from the Chinese Government.

At a time when we have been hearing so much of the way some Chinese are boycotting things British, the unveiling of the bust is a happy sign that there is still in existence in China an active desire for comradeship and cooperation.

## A SLEEPER IN JERUSALEM

### The Crusader who Signed Magna Carta

A very pleasing little thing has been done by the British residents in Jerusalem, who have set in order the grave of a gallant Crusader who has been sleeping for seven centuries near the Holy Tomb.

His name was Philip d'Albini, or d'Aubigny, whose grave was found last spring at the entrance to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. He was Governor of the Channel Islands under King John and tutor to Henry the Third, whom he sought to bring up to rule justly and wisely. A faithful and upright counsellor of two bad kings, he was one of the men who signed the Great Charter which brought liberty to England.

Then in his old age he went on a last pilgrimage to the Holy Land, where he died in 1236. When they found his grave in the spring the tombstone was in danger of obliteration; but it has now been repaired, and the tomb protected by a grille. Is it not strange to think that his countrymen have come at last to tend his grave in Jerusalem?

## A NATION SEVEN YEARS OLD

### The New Bohemia

#### BUILDING UP PROSPERITY AND INDEPENDENCE

What a pity we cannot talk of Bohemia instead of Czecho-Slovakia! It sounds so much pleasanter. The pity is, that the Peace Treaty put the Czechs of Austrian Bohemia into a single State beside the Slovaks of Northern Hungary, and a name had to be found to cover both. So Czecho-Slovakia it is, and will presumably remain.

Czecho-Slovakia has just had a General Election, followed by a Cabinet crisis, and together these mark a new stage of her progress since she came into existence seven years ago. The progress has certainly been remarkable. Wise leaders have enforced economy and shunned inflation, with the result that she is one of the steadiest countries financially in Europe. Her people are thrifty and industrious, with a passion for education, characteristics which have earned for them the title of the Scots of Central Europe.

#### Servants Become Masters

The great trouble has been racial. Of a population of under 14 million only about eight million are Czechs or Slovaks. There are over three million Germans and three-quarters of a million Hungarians. For centuries Germans and Hungarians have tyrannised over Czechs and Slovaks, and such things cannot be forgotten in a day. The masters find themselves servants and the servants masters. Already, however, the tension has been greatly diminished, and with time it should disappear.

These racial cleavages cut across party, with the result that, outside the Communists, Czechs of all shades have been moved to combine in a Coalition to keep the reins in Czech hands and the other races in Opposition. But that stage is nearing its natural end, and sooner or later those who want change and those who do not will range themselves in opposite camps, regardless of what their race may be.

## THE BIRDS AT THE WINDOW

### A Countryman and His Friends

A Yorkshire reader sends us a very interesting experience bearing on the memory of birds. He shall tell his story in his own way.

Since I have been working at a mill out in the country I have been vividly impressed by the tameness and fearlessness of birds.

During the summer, at every meal-time, sparrows, robins, and even thrushes would fly into the dining-room through the open windows, just when most of the people were finishing and going out. Quite tamely they would hop on the table, have a good meal from the crumbs, and then fly off with a fairly large one, taking no notice of the people still at the tables.

But I was more astonished this week, when we experienced the first cold "snap." A few minutes before the time for starting a jovial countryman who works with me said, "Come with me and let us see if my old friends have come yet."

I went with him to the big window, and when he opened it we were met by a flutter of six or seven pairs of wings—robins and sparrows that had been waiting outside on the window-sill.

The birds flew inside and round the room, and finally perched on a beam near the steam-pipe. Even when we set the machines going they showed hardly any signs of fear.

They stayed for perhaps an hour, when they flew out through an open window. The man who let them in says he has done this for the last fifteen years, and never once has he known one of the birds to be killed by a belt or machine.

## ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN HISTORY

### Half a Great Man

On January 3, 106 B.C., Cicero was born.

Peasants from the neighbourhood brought news to the villa that the soldiers were approaching. His servants thrust him into a litter, and carried him down through the woods towards the sea. Leonas followed and overtook him.

To the slaves he had always been the gentlest of masters. They would have given their lives in his defence if he would have allowed them, but he bade them set the litter down and save themselves. He thrust his head out between the curtains, and it was instantly struck off.

So ended Cicero, a tragic combination of magnificent talents, high aspirations, and true desire to do right, with an infirmity of purpose and a latent insincerity of character which neutralised and could almost make us forget his nobler qualities.

In Cicero Nature half-made a great man and left him uncompleted.

J. A. FROUDE

## STONE AGE AND ROMAN AGE

### New Light on Old Times

#### DISCOVERIES IN SUFFOLK

By the C.N. Antiquarian

To the north of Ipswich there is a large brickfield where Mr. Reid Moir has found numerous relics of the ancient inhabitants of Suffolk.

Recently there has been discovered an extensive burial ground of the late Roman period which has yielded 45 human skeletons, a number of urns, and other remains. About a quarter of a mile away from the cemetery stands the site where at one time existed a Roman villa occupied for a long period by important officials whose business it was to collect taxes from the surrounding district. A large piece of tessellated pavement has been found here, and a huge wine vessel.

#### A Roman Cemetery

The burial ground was no doubt connected with this villa, and contains remains dating from possibly the end of the Stone Age to the close of the Roman occupation of England.

It is evident that the people of the Roman epoch were Christianised, as all the skeletons found were buried with their feet pointing to the East; yet food vessels had also been put in the graves, and this, of course, was a purely pagan custom. Thus we see that, as at the present day, old customs disappeared very slowly.

The pottery found by Mr. Reid Moir is small in size, but elegant in form, and one example, made to imitate cut-glass, is unique.

#### Sixteen Hundred Years Ago

The graves were evidently dug in rows, and in one a bronze buckle was found, while in another two flaked flints had been placed under the hands of the deceased.

The early Roman period is represented in the burial ground by a beautiful urn and an almost perfect glass shaped like a modern "tooth tumbler." These were discovered in circumstances making it probable that they had been buried in a wooden box with burnt human bones—for in early Roman times cremation was almost universal. Bronze bracelets have also been found, some in a wonderful state of preservation, and altogether Mr. Reid Moir's work is throwing a vivid light on the burial customs of the Suffolk people about 1600 years ago.

## EARTH'S TWIN SISTER WHY VENUS IS SO BRIGHT

### Our World Rushing Toward the Sun at 700 Miles an Hour

#### THE HEAVIEST PLANETS

By the C.N. Astronomer

On Saturday, January 2, the Earth is at her nearest to the Sun, and 91,300,000 miles away from him.

She will then be three million miles nearer than she was at the beginning of July; so during the last six months we have been approaching the Sun at an average rate of 16,560 miles a day—literally rushing toward him at the amazing speed of nearly 700 miles an hour.

We are, therefore, one-thirtieth nearer to him, and for this we should be thankful; were it otherwise, the rigours of our winter, which of course are due to terrestrial causes, would be more severe for us in these northern latitudes.

The fact that we are at our nearest to the Sun also accounts almost entirely for the exceptional splendour of Venus just now. For we are in consequence



Left, the present appearance of Venus. Right, her appearance in about a month's time

nearly three million miles closer to her than we should have been had Venus and the Earth been in the same relative position to each other, in their orbits, last Summer instead of now.

Moreover, Venus is nearly at her farthest from the Sun, which brings her almost half a million miles closer to us. It is entirely these two circumstances that account for her exceptionally glorious radiance in the south-west sky.

Today, January 2, Venus is actually at her greatest brilliancy, and, seen through a telescope, appears as an intensely radiant crescent, as shown in the picture.

As her position relative to the Sun causes a large proportion of the unlit side of her globe to be toward us we see but a quarter of her sunlit side. And this is growing less, day by day; for, as she gets more and more between us and the Sun, so the crescent will get thinner and we shall see this lovely planet becoming less brilliant. She will also appear to get closer to the Sun—the result of perspective—until, on February 7, she will pass almost directly between us and the Sun.

She will then be barely 24 million miles away, thus coming closer than any world, except, of course, the Moon and, on rare occasions, the little Eros.

#### A Near Neighbour

At present Venus is nearly 40 million miles away and therefore the nearest of the planets. She is almost a twin world to our own, being about the same size, with a diameter of 7700 miles, compared with the Earth's 7917. The material of which Venus is composed appears to be very similar to that of our world, its weight and density approaching nearer those of the Earth than of any other known celestial body.

The density of Venus averages nearly five times that of water, while our world is about 5½ times that of water, and so about 5½ times as heavy as an equal volume of water. The Earth, by the way, is the heaviest world, for its size, in the solar system, Venus coming next.

Gravity is also nearly as much on that lovely planet as on Earth, amounting to nearly four-fifths. So that a hundred pounds of anything on Earth would weigh 82 pounds on Venus. But it would amount to but 38 pounds on Mars, and barely 17 pounds on the Moon.

G. F. M.

**Other Worlds.** In the evening, Venus south-west, Uranus south. In the morning, Mercury, Mars, and Saturn south-east.



# BIG SCHOOL CALLING

Garry Sees it Through

By Gunby Hadath

## CHAPTER 25 A Fair Exchange

SNIPPLE waved in their faces his last imposition and responded with a sniff of supreme indignation. "Look at this!" he shouted. "I've had all this to write out, because you jammed down *jer suis* instead of *nuss soms*."

His pronunciation of French was entirely his own.

They tried to calm him down. He was not to be calmed.

"No," he cried. "No. You can beat till you're blue in the face but you won't change my mind. Our bargain's off. We'll go back to 'as you were.'"

"Not much!" declared Button. "No, Snipple, I'll go on doing your French, if you like, but you don't get our Sunday dollop. A bargain's a bargain."

He looked at them helplessly. He said: "It isn't as if I cared for the School rhubarb pie—"

"Oh, don't you, Snipple?"

"No, I don't; not so much as all that. The rhubarb pie here isn't a patch on Mary's at home."

But they were not really interested in the Diary King's diet at home; their interest began and ended with his Sunday dinner at School. So Gigshott broke in: "Well then, what are you grouching about? You don't care for our rhubarb pie, so why break your bargain?"

"It's this French," groaned Snipple, dropping his head into his hands. "If you chaps can't do it better why should I pay you?"

"You're not paying us!"

"I am. Haven't I given you your pudding for doing it?"

"It wasn't yours to give!"

"It was. You had lost it to me."

They had to admit this was fair. But they had recovered it by an open arrangement—and nothing on earth would induce them to give it up again.

"No, Snipple," they answered. "Oh, no! But we'll tell you what."

"Well? What?" he cried eagerly.

"We'll tell you how you can get out of doing French, Snip!"

Hope dawned in his eyes.

"You tell him, Button," said Gigshott.

"Snip," said Gigshott, "why don't you go in for measles?"

"But how can I go in for measles?" he answered angrily.

"Why, you've only to sniffle a bit more than you generally sniffle, old man, and rub your eyes till they water, and shiver a lot. Then they'll let you off French and tuck you away in the San."

"Thank you," said Snipple scornfully. "Thanks very much. I'd look nice sealed up in the San with a lot of smelly disinfectants. And having the Matron shoving her barometer down my throat—"

"Thermometer," Button corrected, with some asperity.

"I said thermometer. Having the Matron shoving her barom—thermometer down my throat and telling me not to chew on it while she takes my old temperature. Besides they hate people having measles, because measles are contagious—"

"Infectious," interposed Button, that stickler for form.

"All right. Infectious then. It means the same thing. No, I'm not going in for measles. I'd rather do French."

"Then what's the matter? I'll go on doing it for you."

"No, you won't!" shrieked Snipple. "But you've jolly well got to suggest something or lose your dollop."

It seemed that their firmness was causing him to give way. For, instead of insisting that the bargain should be cancelled, he had now changed his ground and was asking them to suggest something

He had his reward. Button elbowed Gigshott, and said: "I know a man who's frightfully good at French, Snip!"

"Really good? You're not rotting?"

"No. Frantically good."

"Who is he?"

In a dreamy tone Button breathed: "Tadworth!"

"Soppy Tadworth! Stale news," cried Snipple, his face falling at once. "Everyone knows Soppy's a whale at French, but no one has ever had a hand from him yet."

"There's no harm asking."

"Not I! He'd jump down my throat."

But Gigshott was cogitating.

"Now, look here," he put in. "You listen to me, and I'll tell you how to get round him. Soppy's frightfully keen on these cross-word puzzles. So you go to him, and you say, 'Hallo, Soppy, old man! Want any help with a cross-word puzzle, old boy?'"

"Yes, I can hear myself saying it," Snipple said drearly.

"Or go and say to him, 'Feeling peckish, old man? Come along to Grubber, Soppy.'"

Snipple looked drearier still.

"He'd eat such a lot!" he protested.

"Anyhow, I'll lend you a bob towards it, Snip. Stand him a stodge and then trot along with your French."

"I'd ask him to do the French first," said Button sagaciously.

Snipple held out his hand.

"Pass over the bob," he remarked.

"You'll have a shot at Soppy?"

"I will," he agreed. "But I'll go about it warily. Trust me for that."

But Gigshott didn't care a rap how Snipple went about it so long as in the upshot they got back their pudding.

"Then that's agreed," he said. "That's a fair exchange, Snip. I've lent you a bob and told you how to get at Soppy through cross-words, and in exchange you've no more claim on our dollop. Is that agreed, Snipple?"

"Yes, that's agreed," said Snipple, though somewhat reluctantly.

"Good!" they exclaimed. "Good luck to you, Snip!"

"Yes, I guess I'll want all the luck I can get," he said, sighing.

## CHAPTER 26 In the Reading-Room

DETERMINED to strike while the iron of his resolution was hot, the Diary King spread his artful net to catch Soppy. As a rule, he took some pains to keep out of his way, but now he sidled up to him before tea, and gazing with extreme earnestness into his face, and with an expression which he tried to make most engaging, he inquired if Soppy would come to Grubber tomorrow.

His hoped-for guest stared at him.

"Your birthday?" snapped he.

"Yes," breathed the Diary King.

"No, no," he corrected, with sudden visions of being forced to treat the whole Conclave.

"Is it your birthday or isn't it, you vast idiot?"

"No, Tadworth, no. It isn't my birthday exactly."

"What is it then? What makes you invite me to Grubber?"

Soppy's eye was so suspicious, his manner so fierce, that the would-be host wilted and very nearly turned tail. But, encouraged by the feel in his packet of Gigshott's shilling, and by the recollection of what was at stake, he did his best to wriggle out of this poser.

"Why do I invite you to Grubber?" he echoed. "Because I think that chaps ought to stand chaps grub more. Don't you think

so, Tadworth? You're always so generous yourself."

"Are you," growled Soppy ominously, "trying to be funny?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Snipple, as though at a very good joke.

"Well, you fizz off. I don't want any of your grub."

"Thanks awfully for being so polite," answered Snipple. "Tadworth, aren't you keen on foreign stamps? I know a kid who's been sent a free specimen sheet, and if you like I can pick off the best ones for you."

Soppy scowled.

"I've no use for foreign stamps. And I don't want you pawing around me, Snipple. Buzz off!"

The Diary King obeyed, but returned after tea, considerably to the astonishment of his victim.

He had decided that his best course was to ask plump out, and, if he met with refusal, then to dangle his cross-word bait. He would flatter Soppy's vanity. That was the tip.

"Tadworth," he said, "you are frightfully hot stuff at French. All the people say you jaw French as well as a Frenchman!"

"You here again?" Soppy glared. "Yes. I am good at French."

"Do you really talk it as well as a Frenchie?"

Soppy shrugged.

"Oh, well," he said, "yes. You might say so."

"And can you read it, Tadworth, straight off in a book?"

"It's a mistake to depend on a dictionary," Soppy said guardedly.

"Then, I say, Tadworth, I tell you what you might do. Would you give a fellow a hand with his French? I can pronounce it all right; I'm rather good at pronouncing; but it's the translating that lets me down."

"Ho!" snorted Soppy. "Ho! So that's your game, is it? If you think I'll do your mouldy French you're mistaken."

Rebuffed this second time, Snipple decided to play his last card.

"Tadworth," he remarked the next afternoon, "you're keen on cross-words, aren't you?"

"I am," Soppy growled.

"And you're pretty useful at solving them, Tadworth, aren't you?"

"Pretty useful," said Soppy, who had spent the best part of last Sunday in finding a word of four letters beginning with "g," which, the clue informed him, meant "a caprine hollow-horned ruminant."

"Well, there's an awfully tricky one in the paper today."

"Any prize for solving it?"

"I expect so," said Snipple.

"Is there a prize or isn't there, you fat ass? I'm not going to

waste my time unless there's a prize for it."

"There is sure to be," hazarded Snipple, thinking of Gigshott's shilling if the worse came to the worst.

"I say," he added cautiously, "if you get a prize, Tadworth, would you give a fellow a hand with his French?"

"That," grunted Soppy, "depends. Trot along your old cross-word."

So Snipple led the way to the reading-room; and, catching sight in the corridor of Brougham and Nightingale, with Lubbock and Turner, a fat youth who walked with a roll, Soppy roped them in to see him tackle the job. "Snip's offered me a prize if I do it," he explained, "so you men had better come along and be witnesses."

Thinking he'd have some witnesses on his own account, Snipple picked up one or two more people ere they arrived.

"For," mused he, "if Soppy's going to have witnesses for his bob, I'll jolly well have witnesses for my French!"

And with what relief did he perceive as they entered the reading-room that its farther end, behind the arch fronting the fireplace where the mighty men of Big School would loil at their ease, was tenanted by the stately figure of Jardine.

"Fine!" said Snipple to himself. "Now Soppy can't rag."

Reverently the party came to a halt before tip-toeing to the quarters reserved for their kind.

"Squat here," whispered Snipple. "I'll get you the paper, Tadworth."

The captain of the school raised his head and surveyed them. Then he rose, yawned, stretched himself, and strode out of the room.

"Good business!" shouted Brougham, directly he'd gone.

"Now we've got the jolly old place to ourselves."

But they hadn't it to themselves, for now they were conscious of two silent figures perched side by side in a cushioned seat under a window. These two appeared to be sharing a newspaper between them, and were so engrossed that only now they looked up. Questing here and there for the paper he wanted, Snipple stopped in front of them, and exclaimed: "Hallo, Garry!"

"Hallo!" replied Garry indifferently.

"I want the paper with the cross-word in, Garry."

"Feddon and I are doing the cross-word," smiled Garry. "You can have it when we've finished. We shan't be long."

Soppy Tadworth pushed forward.

"You've stuck to it long enough!" he growled, with a snatch.

Feddon flicked it swiftly out of his reach.

"You hand that over!" Tadworth roared.

Feddon made no reply, but, looking him full in the face, put the paper behind his back.

This turn which events looked like taking promised no good to Snipple, who didn't see how he could get what he wanted from Soppy if the beggar was going to start a rag. So, abandoning his enterprise for a future occasion, he was stealing out of the room when Nightingale collared him.

"Oh, no!" Nightingale drawled. "You'll stay where you are, Snip. We've come to see old Soppy winning your prize."

"But Garry's using the paper," smirked Snipple lamely.

"Well, Garry's not going to have it!" was Nightingale's answer.

"Hand it over!" roared Soppy Tadworth to Feddon again.

Feddon made no movement. Garry replied that they should have it when it was finished with, and not before.

"I want it now!"

"We're busy," he answered. Soppy advanced and thrust his head into his face.

"Garry, you ass," he said savagely, "give me that paper!"

Garry dropped his legs and slid from the window-seat to the floor.

TO BE CONTINUED

## Five-Minute Story

### The Treasure

WHEN old Jacob Steppe lay on his deathbed he said to his son, "There's treasure buried under Ravensmoor, but if you're fond of peace and quiet as I am, man, you'll not disturb it. Ay, let sleeping treasures lie, say I." And then the old man passed away without another word.

But his son had no intention of letting sleeping treasures lie, and, with the vision of a strong iron chest full of golden spade guineas before his eyes, he had the oldest tree on the Ravensmoor estate, a fine oak, cut down and the roots dug out, but found nothing.

A well was cleaned out, too, and floors of old barns were taken up; but as no treasure was found he became annoyed and left cold Ravensmoor and lived in London until he died, a crusty old bachelor.

His nephew succeeded to Ravensmoor, a man very glad to have such a substantial roof to shelter his large family of nine lively youngsters; but he had not been long in occupation of his new position when he found it was more of a trial than a blessing.

The ugly, though roomy, old house on the Yorkshire moors was unbearably cold unless blazing fires burned in its old-fashioned fireplaces. The long stone passages and inconvenient kitchen offices frightened servants away; for gone were the days of old Jacob Steppe when labour was cheap and plentiful. The house needed hundreds of pounds spent on it in repairs; the land was badly farmed; the gardens, under the care of one ancient gardener, were wild and unkempt.

The children soon found out the buried treasure story, and treasure-hunting became the craze to such an extent that at last it was forbidden altogether; for they had taken up flooring, poked holes through the walls—which made the house more draughty than ever—and exasperated the ancient gardener by excavating in the flower-beds.

They were all bright, promising youngsters, but alas! things had become so bad at Ravensmoor that there was no money to send them to good schools so that their talents might be developed, and the remark most often heard in the dilapidated old house was, "If only we could find the treasure!"

Then one day an old friend came to visit them, and before he had been there a week, he said, "Why, you've got a coalmine under you!"

And so they had, and old Jacob Steppe had known it, but he hated change and said nothing.

When the children heard that the buried treasure was discovered at last they cried, "Only coal! Why, we thought it would be diamonds!"

"So it is," chuckled their father. "Black diamonds, my dears! The very best kind!"

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# It is the Hard Grey Weather that Breeds Hard Englishmen

## D! MERRYMAN

"WHAT is the hardest part of skating when you're learning?" asked a man of his friend, who was going to Switzerland for the winter sports.

"The ice," was the reply.]

### Buried Birds

IN these two little verses the names of several birds are hidden. How many can you find?

How sweet it is in the meadow,  
Where the cow lies on the lea,  
And the musical sound of the sheep-bells

Brings content to you and me.

How fine, too, the bright sea gleaming,  
Most rich in jewelled foam,

With rushing waves so blithe and free

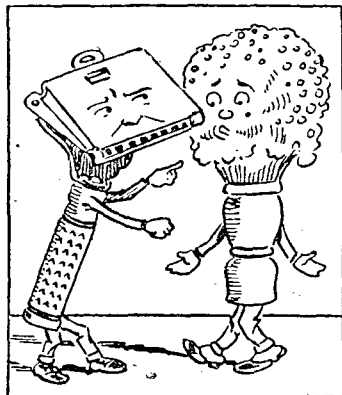
And ships sailing gaily home.

Solution next week

### Do You Live at Burslem?

IN Old English documents this name is spelled Burhweardes hlomme, and the meaning is Burward's stream. The place was evidently the home of a chief, or other important person, called Burward, who lived by the side of a stream.

### Come-Alive Characters



When Friends Fall Out

THE Shaving-Brush was looking vexed,  
And in a rage he said,  
"I hear you told the Brush and Comb

That I'd a swollen head!"

The Safety Razor snapped, "You have!

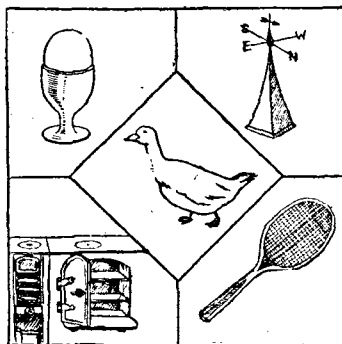
So therefore I repeat,  
That if you put on airs with me  
I'll cut you in the street!"

### Information Wanted

"IS the house within walking distance of the railway station?" the house-hunter inquired.

"Well, sir," said the agent, "I don't know. How far can you walk?"

### A Picture Puzzle



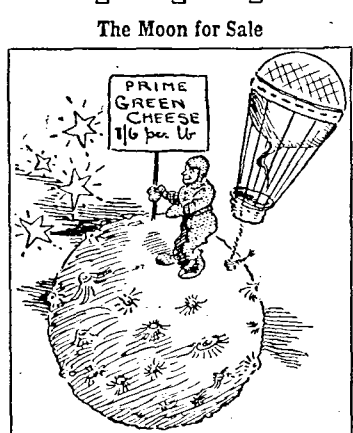
When the initial letters of the words represented by these pictures are arranged in their proper order they will spell the name of an English town. Can you find out what it is?

Solution next week

WHAT is the difference between a policeman and the watch in his pocket?

The watch is on the policeman and the policeman is on the watch.

### The Moon for Sale



A GROCER who owned a balloon Once travelled right up to the Moon,

"With this ticket," cried he,  
"It will sell, as you'll see;  
Not an ounce will be left very soon!"

### A Geographical Letter

HERE is another geographical letter, the words in *italics* representing places on the map.

Dear *Italian* city,—We have been lucky to have *cape* in *Nova Zembla* and *river* in *Quebec* before *island* in the *Indian Ocean*. Unfortunately, I have been hurt by a *pass* in the *Rocky Mountains*, so I have not been able to *burn* in *Wiglowshire*, and now a *river* in *Glamorgan* has come. It has been rather a *bay* in the *Antarctic* for me, but I am hoping to be better soon.

Yours sincerely,  
Fort in *Scotland*.

Solution next week

WHAT creature's name can be spelled with two vowels and fifty? Eel.

### The Lesser Evil

A PERSON who sat on a bridge Was stung on his nose by a midge.

"Pigeons' bills may be keen," He explained, "But I mean That I'd rather be pecked by a pigeon!"

### A Musical Education

MR. SMITH and Mr. Quaver were great friends, but in musical matters they could not see eye to eye. Mr. Quaver knew only the best classical music, while Mr. Smith could understand nothing but music-hall airs.

One day Mr. Quaver insisted on taking his friend to a concert. The first performer was a famous violinist, who played Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata. Even Mr. Smith was enraptured, and when it was finished he turned to Mr. Quaver, who had the programme, and said: "What was that magnificent thing he was playing?"

Mr. Quaver looked pained.

"Surely," he said, "you are not quite so ignorant of music! It was a violin that he was playing."

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What Am I? New Year

A Puzzle in Rhyme Perch

Alphabet and Arithmetic

FRYING-PAN + STONE — POST — RING

— FAN + TOMATO — MAT — ONE — TOY.

Who Was He?

The Noted Naturalist was Buffon

## Jacko Cooks the Dinner

ONE morning Belinda walked in dressed up in all her best clothes; in fact, Jacko had never seen so much finery in all his life. His eyes grew rounder and rounder until at last Belinda told him that it was time to stare.

"I'm only going to have my photograph taken," she said, with a self-conscious smile.

She had come to ask Mrs. Jacko to go to the photographer's with her. But Mrs. Jacko said that she couldn't manage it.

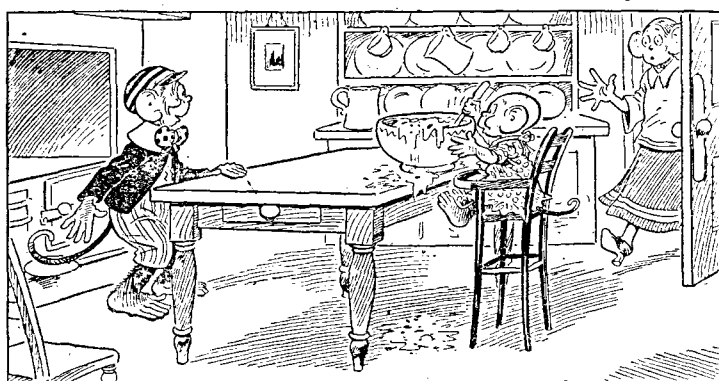
"I've got a thousand and one things to do," she declared. "And there's Baby to look after and the dinner to cook."

"Jacko can look after Baby," replied Belinda; "and as for the dinner—well, you will be back in plenty of time for that."

Mrs. Jacko said: "Well, well, perhaps I can," and hurried upstairs to put her things on.

She didn't like to go out in her old clothes with Belinda looking so smart, so she changed into her best ones, and that took some time.

"I had better get on with the dinner," Jacko said to himself when at last the hall door banged behind them. "The Mater will never be back in time to cook it."



Most of the pudding went on the floor

The only question was what to do with the baby while he potted about over the stove. At last he had a brilliant idea. "Baby shall do his share," he said. "It's only right that young children should be taught to be useful."

And he sat the baby down at the kitchen table, and told him he was to stir the pudding.

It was a pudding! Jacko fetched the biggest bowl he could find, which happened to be Mrs. Jacko's best flowerpot. Then he emptied a bag of flour into it, and after that in went a whole pot of jam and a great lump of butter.

It certainly looked a very funny mixture. Jacko tried to think of what else he had seen his mother put into puddings.

"I know! Eggs!" he suddenly exclaimed. And in went half a dozen, shells and all! "Baby will soon smash them up when he begins to stir," he thought.

"Goo, goo!" gurgled Baby, flourishing his big spoon. After hunting in Mrs. Jacko's cupboard, Jacko added some currants and raisins, and then he emptied a bag of sugar over the whole thing.

The Baby was delighted. He stirred with such a good will that most of the mixture went on to the floor.

Jacko was just going to put the remainder in the oven, flowerpot and all, when Mrs. Jacko appeared on the scene.

"Look at the work I've saved you!" said Jacko triumphantly pointing to the pudding.

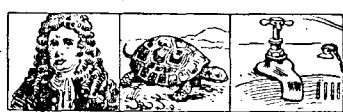
"Saved me, indeed!" shrieked poor Mrs. Jacko. "It will take me all day to clean up the kitchen, you wretched boy!"

## Ici on Parle Français



Le moulin La bergeronnette Le chardon nette

Le moulin à vent a quatre ailes  
La bergeronnette est très gracieuse  
Les ânes adorent les chardons



La perruque La tortue Le robinet  
On portait la perruque autrefois  
La tortue avance bien lentement  
Je ne peux pas tourner le robinet

## Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for four weeks in 12 towns.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
	1925	1924
London	5841..6326..4824..3969	
Glasgow	1922..1899..1573..1276	
Manchester	1045..1015..1012..768	
Dublin	681..800..543..484	
Edinburgh	618..596..537..547	
Bristol	475..496..432..360	
Nottingham	350..363..314..228	
Plymouth	281..274..190..166	
Swansea	256..259..135..134	
York	116..119..89..61	
Ipswich	106..96..86..56	
Bournemouth	105..86..100..76	

The four weeks are up to Dec. 5, 1925

## Tales Before Bedtime

### The Lost Ring

MOTHER opened the door and called, "Children, children, come here!"

Mary dropped her spade and looked at Mac; and Baby, who always asked questions, said:

"What's Mummy want?"

"I don't know," Mary answered; "I think it's something special. I can tell by her voice."

They ran to the house and into the kitchen. Mother was standing by the table, on which stood a beautiful new cake.

"Children," their mother said, "I am so sorry to spoil any of Mac's birthday, but I have lost my ring. The one I always wear, you know. Will you help me to look for it?"

The children began at once. Baby kept saying, "Is it here?" and "Is it there?" and "Why did Mummy lose her ring?" But they were far too busy to answer him.

At last dinner-time came, but no one had found it.

"Won't we have any dinner?" Baby asked, in a funny sad little voice; and then Mother laughed.

"Yes, of course we will; but I'm afraid we ought to go on looking for it afterwards."

When nearly all the afternoon had gone, however, and still no one had found the ring, the day really began to feel a little spoiled, so Mummy said they would have tea and try to forget all about it.

The big cake was put on the table and cut into slices.

Everyone began to cheer up and say how delicious it



Baby held it up

tasted, when all at once they stopped to listen to Baby.

"Why did Mummy put the ring into Mac's birthday cake?" he was asking.

They all stared, and then: "What did you say?" Mary managed to ask at last.

"Why did Mummy put the ring in Mac's birthday cake?" Baby repeated, as he held up the lost ring, which he had just found in his slice!

"Why, how extraordinary!" Mother cried. "It must have slipped off my finger when I was making the cake. Oh, I'm so glad."



The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

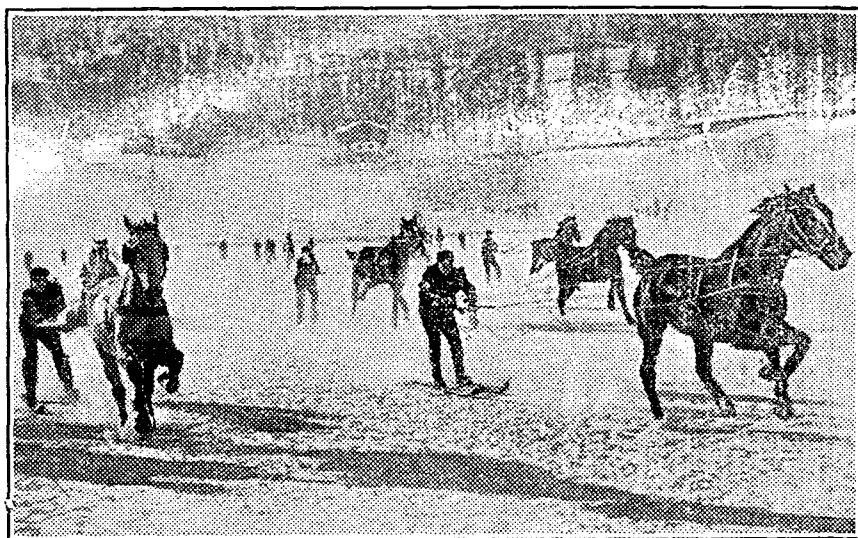
# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

January 2, 1926

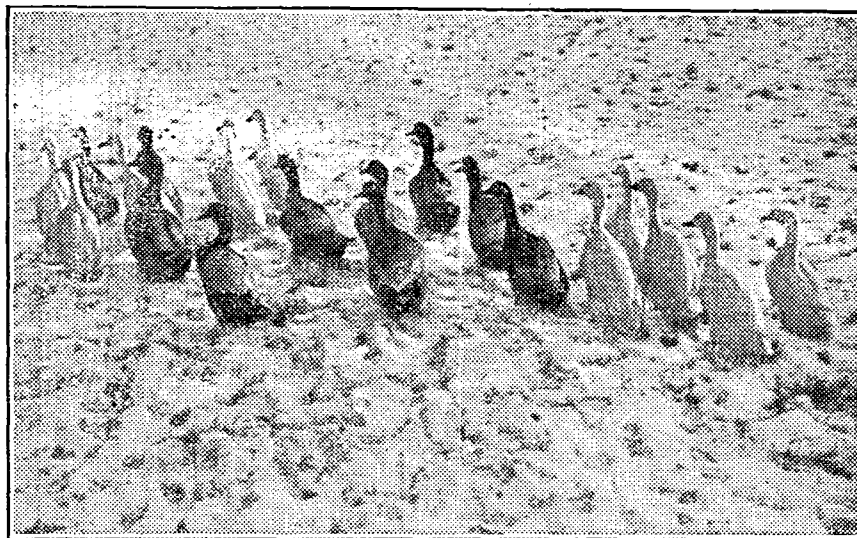
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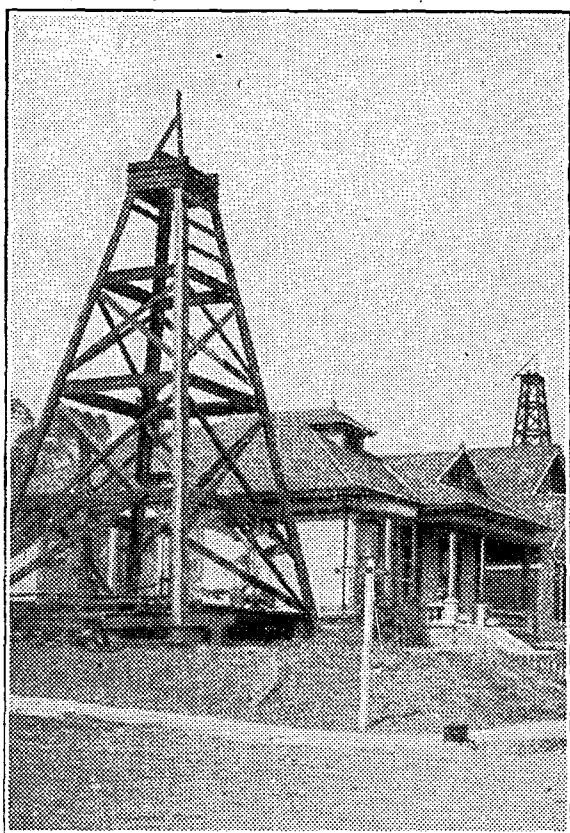
## EUROPE'S ARCTIC WEATHER · OIL · WELL IN A STREET · RED MEN IN LONDON



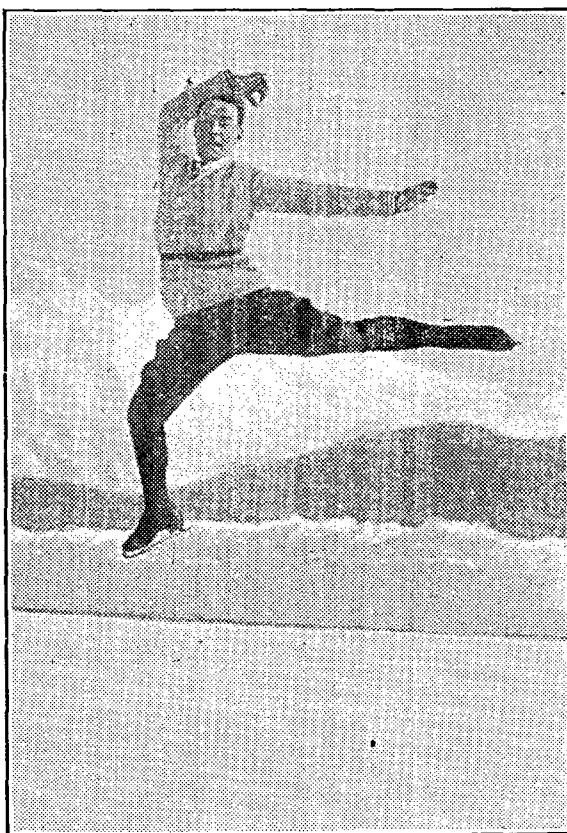
**Winter Sports Again**—The cold snap which has come to all Europe has been very welcome in Switzerland, for it has brought plenty of snow for the winter sports. Here we see an exciting trotting race at St. Moritz, the drivers being pulled along on their skis by horses



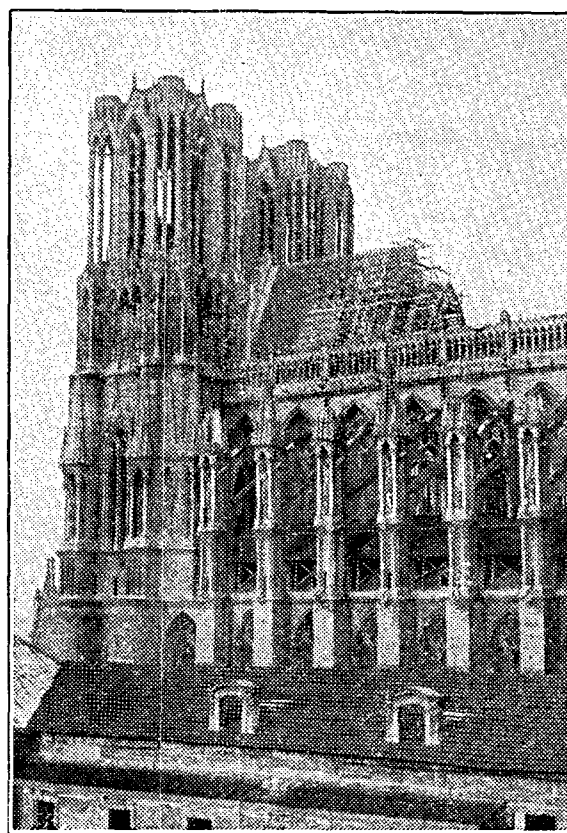
**Not in the Arctic**—Practically the whole of England has had snow this winter, and scenes like this have been the rule all over the country. These ducks look as if they are marching across the Arctic tundra, but the picture was taken in Hertfordshire not far from London



**A Beauty Spot's Underground Wealth**—Owing to the discovery of oil under the beautiful city of Los Angeles, odd sights like this are common, derricks appearing in the streets



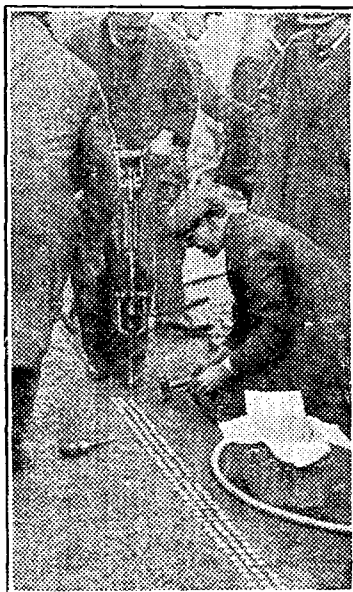
**A Leap Among the Alps**—This skater at St. Moritz is making a magnificent jump, exhilarating both to execute and to watch. The background shows the towering Alpine peaks



**Rheims Renews its Glory**—As can be seen here, the havoc brought by the Great War to the stately cathedral at Rheims is fast disappearing. We see here the new roof being built up



**The Ponies Say Good Morning**—A farm for rearing the pretty Shetland ponies is being run by Lady Estelle Hope at Bodiam, in Sussex, and here she is being wished a good morning by some of her little charges



**The White Lines Come to Stay**—These men in the Strand are replacing the painted white lines with permanent dots



**The Red Men See London**—A party of Red Indians who have come to London for the holiday season, look very gay in their picturesque dress, though the little brave seems bewildered at the sights he sees

## THE ANNUAL ADVENTURE OF THE ANIMALS—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY

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